.N37

The Nation.

September 27, 1986 $1.25; U.K. 85p

EDITORIAL

DRUG PANIC HITS CAPITAL

In theme and point, if not in style and presentation, the Reagans' Sunday night chat about drugs recalled Jimmy Carter's preposterous evocation of a "national malaise" in the summer of 1979. Something is wrong—terribly, terribly wrong—in this great land, they said, and it is time to reweave the tattered moral fabric of American civilization.

Fortunately, Carter wrote no harsh prescriptions to support his preachments. Self-examination, positive thinking and steadfastness were all he had the good sense to suggest. The Reagans, on the other hand, have a whole arsenal of weapons ready for their moral rearmament. Millions will be tested for drugs, whether or not they give reasonable cause for suspicion. If Congress agrees, it will be legal to introduce illegally obtained evidence in the courts. A bill already passed by the House contains such a provision and mandates that the military be used, for the first time since Reconstruction, in police roles. Perhaps soldiers and civilians will soon be merged as a new "security force." Foreign countries that produce the raw materials of the illicit drug industry will be abandoned and starved into submission. Such is the mood in Washington, said California's Democratic Representative Don Edwards ruefully last week, that Congress would adopt an amendment to abolish the Bill of Rights if it were introduced.

For Reagan, the achievement of these baneful consequences is the reason he is embarking on a crusade in the first place. The political crisis he has engendered, with the eager participation of the media, is far worse than the drug crisis it is supposed to allay. Addiction to repression, invasion of privacy, cruel and unusual punishment, xenophobia, racism and selfishness will prove far more difficult to cure than any drug habit.

THE SHAME OF THE CITY PRESS
John L. Hess

DRUGS AND SPORTS
Sandy Padwe

IMPERIAL ENGLISH
Jim Quinn

VIENNA 1900
Arthur C. Danto

MARGARET MEAD'S REAL PEOPLE
Susan Lardner

ARAB DETERRENTS

GOING 'MAD' IN THE MIDDLE EAST

STEPHEN GREEN

Against the backdrop of the latest flurry of promises about Middle East peace talks, a quiet process of military escalation is under way in the Middle East, one which will dramatically alter the dimensions of the Arab-Israeli conflict. In an effort to counter Israel's military superiority, Syria, Jordan, Saudi Arabia and even Egypt have begun to acquire advanced offensive weapons with the intent of destroying what American and Israeli officials fondly refer to as the "status quo" in the region.

Since the Camp David meetings of 1978-79, Arab countries have watched Israel repeatedly employ its armed forces to achieve both military and political objectives. The invasion of Lebanon, in particular, in which Israel humiliated Syria militarily, embarrassed Egypt diplomatically and attempted to impose on Lebanon a puppet regime that would sign a peace treaty with Israel, was a turning point. It led several "moderate" Arab governments to the conclusion that if they are ever to have meaningful negotiations with Israel, they must first nullify its military option. Because they are not strong enough to do that by force, and will not be so in the foreseeable future, they have decided to seek deep-strike, offensive weapons of such terrible, swift destructiveness as to make a continuation of the pattern of Israeli land invasions and deep-penetration bombings unthinkable. The concept is not a new one. It's called deterrence, or, more descriptively, mutually assured destruction.

It was Syrian President Hafez al-Assad who first recognized and rejected the military implications of the Camp David accord. Only when

(*Continued on Page 279*)

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

MORE TALK ABOUT RIGHTS & REDS

Wheaton, Md.

Because my book, *The Uncertain Crusade*, is, as *The Nation*'s reviewer put it, "deformed by an [overly strong] ideological bias," namely "a preference for democracies over Communist countries," it was perhaps a foregone conclusion that any review in *The Nation*, a magazine with a very different ideological bias, would be negative [Diane F. Orentlicher, "The Double Standard," June 28]. Still, I wish that Orentlicher had taken issue with the substance or the "bias" of my book. Instead she offers a list of criticisms that are either dishonest or illogical.

She complains that the book "relies . . . on abstract theory" and "appears to have been written without the benefit of interviews with the key officials responsible for developing and implementing Carter's human rights policy," whom she lists as Cyrus Vance, Patricia Derian, Zbigniew Brzezinski and President Jimmy Carter. It is true that I made little effort to interview Vance, Brzezinski or Carter, judging that it would be difficult to get interviews with them and that, if gotten, such interviews would yield little more than those men's published memoirs. But it is not true that Vance, Brzezinski and Carter were the "key officials responsible for developing and implementing" the human rights policy. As with most policies, that was done by a few dozen mid-ranking officials, primarily in the National Security Council and the State Department, and my book contains repeated references to the dozens of interviews that I conducted with officials at this level. Orentlicher is entitled to disagree about the importance of interviewing the men at the top, but to suggest, as she does, that the book is devoid of testimony from the responsible officials is dishonest.

The one important official whom I did not interview was Derian. That I very much regret, but the fault is not mine. Derian simply refused to speak to me. I left messages on her answering machine dozens of times, none of which were answered, and wrote to her via both first class and certified mail, without ever receiving an acknowledgment.

Orentlicher next accuses me of "contradictions," but she instances only one: I described quiet diplomacy as the Administration's "principal human rights activity," but later described punitive measures against abusive governments as the "heart and soul" of Carter's policy. This is no contradiction. Quiet diplomacy was the Administration's most frequent activity, but applying punitive measures was its most important or distinctive one. If Orentlicher finds those two concepts indistinguishable in her own life, she is either a very lucky person or a very boring one.

Orentlicher criticizes my "insistence that the Helsinki Final Act is one of the 'most effective' human rights instruments," but again she is less than honest. I described it as one of the most "effective *international* human rights instruments." (Emphasis added.) But I argued at length that none of these are very effective, as compared with the unilateral instruments available to the U.S. government. I wrote: "The European and the American conventions and the Helsinki Final Act offer sorely needed evidence that international instruments can do some service for the cause of human rights, but their limitations and their special characteristics also reinforce the impression that international law is a disappointing instrument in the service of that cause."

She is again dishonest when she writes: "He fails to acknowledge that the same inconsistencies are also typical of the Reagan Administration." My book is based on a study of the Carter policy. Maybe it would have been a better book had I waited and also studied the Reagan policy, but the phrase "fails to acknowledge" deliberately misleads. It suggests that I avoided making a judgment on something that in fact was simply outside the scope of my study, rather as if I were to say that Orentlicher's review "fails to acknowledge Stalin's purges."

A cogent criticism of my book would require *The Nation* or its reviewer to articulate a clear point of view about the relation between the human rights issue and the phenomenon of Communism. That, I think, the magazine is loath to do.

Joshua Muravchik

ORENTLICHER REPLIES

New York City

Joshua Muravchik seeks to attribute my criticisms of his book, *The Uncertain Crusade*, to an "ideological bias" that runs counter to his own "preference for democracies over Communist countries." Having personally documented—and publicized—deeply troubling human rights abuses in the Soviet Union and Cambodia, and by communist insurgencies in other countries, I have no reason to embrace the sort of bias Muravchik would like to impute to me.

As to Muravchik's other points: first, I find it simply incredible that an author would set out to write a book about President Carter's central foreign policy initiative and judge that interviews with Carter, his Secretary of State and his national security adviser were worth "little effort." Muravchik himself seems to recognize the importance of their views to the sort of analysis he undertook; this is reflected in the book's frequent references to their testimony, speeches and memoirs. Such typically self-serving sources are no substitute for personal interviews, however. (That, I assume, is why Muravchik sought to interview Patricia Derian—whose publicly recorded views are amply cited in his book.)

Journalistic standards aside, the dearth of interviews with top Carter officials merely exemplifies a more pervasive shortcoming in *The Uncertain Crusade*: its historical thinness. The book offers few new insights into the failures and successes of the Carter human rights policy, in large part because it contains no detailed case studies and does not analyze such basic problems as the resistance of State Department careerists to implementing the policy.

Second, my acquaintance with the English language leaves me convinced that there is a contradiction between calling "quiet diplomacy" the Carter Administration's "principal human rights activity" and later calling punitive sanctions the "heart and soul" of that policy, particularly when, as Muravchik's book notes, the latter were reserved for a handful of countries. The contradiction matters; Muravchik's point about quiet diplomacy shatters the myth that the Carter Administration characteristically favored disruptive sanctions over quiet diplomacy. That punitive sanctions were an important and distinctive part of the Carter human rights policy there can be no disagreement.

Third, I believe I made it clear that Muravchik characterized the Helsinki Final Act as one of the most effective international human rights instruments, in part by noting that he contrasted its success "with that of the major human rights treaties produced by the United Nations." But that is not the real issue. My point was that Muravchik's judgment on this issue was distorted. As evidence of the relative efficacy of the Helsinki Final Act, Muravchik claimed that it provides a "source of encouragement for East European dissidents." He made no mention of the fact that dissidents who sought to monitor compliance with the accords have been crushed by the full weight of Soviet repression.

Fourth, Muravchik says it is unfair that I criticize his book for failing to acknowledge that the inconsistencies for which he faults Carter are also typical of the Reagan Administration. The comparison between the two Administrations' track record in this regard is all-important to the subject of Muravchik's book. While he cites Carter's inconsistencies as evidence that his policy was a failure, the comparison with Reagan's strikingly similar experience suggests a very different conclusion: that Carter had to reckon with certain inherent constraints on any human rights policy.

Finally, Muravchik invites me to "articulate a clear point of view about the relation between the human rights issue and Communism." That I am happy to do.

As a professional in the human rights field, I have witnessed the devastating effects of rights violations under several Communist

(*Continued on Page 292*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 243, Number 9

LETTERS
266

EDITORIALS
265 Drug Panic Hits Capital
267 Terror Mystique
268 Nonaligned Voices — *A. W. Singham*
269 How-to Bioregional — *Kirkpatrick Sale*

COLUMNS
270 Beat the Devil — *Alexander Cockburn*
272 Uncivil Liberties — *Calvin Trillin*

ARTICLES
265 Arab Deterrents: Going "MAD" in the Middle East — *Stephen Green*
273 Covering (Up) City Hall: The Shame of the Urban Press — *John L. Hess*
276 Drugs in Sports: Symptoms of a Deeper Malaise — *Sandy Padwe*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
283 McCrum, Cran and MacNeil: The Story of English — *Jim Quinn*
285 Bogen: After the Splendid Display
Hirsch: Wild Gratitude — *Rosetta Marantz Cohen*
287 Art — *Arthur C. Danto*
290 Films — *Susan Lardner*

Drawings by Mort Gerberg

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Elsa Dixler; *Associate Editors,* George Black, Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editor,* Katrina vanden Heuvel; *Literary Editor,* Elizabeth Pochoda; *Poetry Editor,* Grace Schulman; *Copy Chief,* JoAnn Wypijewski; *Assistant Copy Editors,* Julie Abraham (literary), Vania Del Borgo, Judith Long; *Interns,* Gaspar Copado, Siddharth Dube, Brad Kessler, Sarah B. Perl, Katherine Schwartz (Washington), Nina Shapiro, Lydia Stryk, Ruth Yodaiken; *On leave,* Richard Lingeman, Maria Margaronis.

Departments: Art, Arthur C. Danto; *Dance,* Mindy Aloff; *Fiction,* Terrence Rafferty; *Films,* Andrew Kopkind; *Lingo,* Jim Quinn; *Music,* David Hamilton; *Correspondents: Washington, D.C.,* Christopher Hitchens; *Latin America,* Penny Lernoux; *Europe,* Daniel Singer; *London,* Raymond Williams; *Paris,* Claude Bourdet; *Defense,* Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Kai Bird & Max Holland (*Capitol Letter*), Alexander Cockburn (*Beat the Devil*), Thomas Ferguson & Joel Rogers (*The Political Economy*). *Contributing Editors:* Blair Clark, Herman Schwartz, Gore Vidal. *Editorial Board:* James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins, Alan Wolfe.

Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish 3rd

Associate Publisher, David Parker; *Advertising Director,* Chris Calhoun; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeepers,* Tanveer Mall, Ivor A. Richardson; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Circulation Director,* Stephen W. Soule; *Director of Development and Publicity,* Micah L. Sifry; *Subscription Manager,* Cookee V. Klein; *Assistant Advertising Manager,* Neil Black; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Production,* Terry Miller; *Typography,* Randall Cherry, Mitchel Cohen, Sandy McCroskey, Richard Snyder; *Nation Associates Director,* Nancy Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen; *Publishing Consultant,* Phillip Frazer.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc. Directors: Arthur Carter, Hamilton Fish 3rd, Victor Navasky. © 1986 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau:* Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation,* Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. *Subscription Price:* One year, $45; two years, $81. Add $7 per year for postage in Canada, Mexico; $13 per year for other foreign. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation,* 72 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

EDITORIALS.

Terror Mystique

Two weeks after the massacre in Istanbul's Neve Shalom synagogue and the day after French Prime Minister Jacques Chirac announced tougher anti-terrorism measures, a bomb exploded inside Paris police headquarters. Despite the terrorists' successful act of defiance, dealing with the waves of political violence that have most recently erupted in the French capital remains primarily a job for the police. There are no sovereign remedies waiting to be tried, and it may be that the malady must simply run its course.

Strict disciplinarians argue that violent punishment against real or symbolic terrorists will deter further horrors, but events clearly indicate just the opposite. Pragmatic liberals hope that patient diplomacy can eliminate the grievances that give rise to desperate acts of protest, but the list of urgent issues for resolution is so long and the prospects for settlement of most of them so dim that no one should reasonably expect an easy way out of the mess. Short-term improvements in security can save lives, but the United States and other nations can avoid making matters worse with wanton acts of revenge or opportunistic examples of retaliation. The Reagan Administration has surely aggravated the problem with its attacks on Libya, its partisan participation in the Israeli occupation of Lebanon and its hypocritical refusal to acknowledge the political context of terrorism in one region, while it funds and commands terrorists in several other parts of the world. It takes no sense for Secretary of State Shultz

The Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
SEP 25 1986
Johnson City, Tennessee
LICENSED TO UNLOCK
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to condemn Palestinians, without the slightest distinction as to their methods or motives, yet support *contras* in Nicaragua and the rebels and mercenaries in Angola.

Unintended developments and unforeseen accidents of history have put Americans at risk of terrorism, although the risk is relatively slight and others are likely to suffer more. U.S. military and technological superiority has encouraged opponents of the empire and its allies to invent deadly means of making their political and moral points. And a century or more of global bullying, more or less, has created opponents aplenty. Many of them are beyond the reach of reason, and it is never possible to right the wrongs of the past; but we should not be surprised when the United States and its friends are targeted for attack.

The corps of terrorism "experts" will now offer more suggestions for responding to the terrible massacres of this month. Politicians in this country and abroad have already made some hay for themselves in the aftermath of the attacks. But they all should see that they are making a bond with the terrorists by promoting a myth of terrorism, far removed from the real world. Such a mystique is bound to provoke ritual responses, violent exorcisms and the creation of demons—all acts of social catharsis, perhaps, but prescriptions for further disaster.

Nonaligned Voices

After twenty-five years the Nonaligned Movement continues to struggle against racism and for the implementation of its earliest concerns—independence and the right of self-determination. Zimbabwe, the host of the eighth summit of 101 nonaligned countries, was chosen to direct the movement for the next three years so that it could deal with one of the major issues of our time, apartheid.

Fifty-five heads of state met in Harare from September 1 to 7. Security was tight, and the grim presence of the Republic of South Africa was clearly felt. South Africa has fought wars against all the front-line states and still indiscriminately violates their national boundaries. It sponsors guerrilla groups in Mozambique and Angola and seems determined to overthrow the governments there. As the meeting was being held, the apartheid regime unleashed a vicious attack on the people of Soweto.

The delegates devised a framework for action to deal with the Pretoria regime. At the economic level they vowed to continue the policy of persuading countries of the Western alliance to impose mandatory sanctions. Merely punishing the planters in Pretoria is not enough. The absentee landlords in London, Paris, Bonn and New York must be shown that they have a responsibility to help bring down the apartheid regime. At the political level, the movement was determined to isolate South Africa by preventing it from participating as a legitimate body in multilateral organizations. Militarily, a number of countries also agreed to increase military assistance for liberation movements.

Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi attracted considerable attention in the Western press by suggesting that the time had come for imposing more rigid criteria for membership. But Qaddafi had raised the issue before and indeed was echoing calls in the past by leaders as diverse as Sukarno of Indonesia and the right-wing C.V. Devan Nair of Singapore. The new chair of the movement, Prime Minister Robert Mugabe of Zimbabwe, declared that the criteria for membership were not up for discussion. He noted that individual governments were free to make judgments about the political policies and programs of other member states, but he distinguished between bilateral concerns and the necessity of maintaining a multilateral framework for dealing with global issues. Mugabe asserted that the movement has historically been a loose coalition of states and could play a creative role in world affairs only if it did not let itself be divided, especially over inconsequential matters.

The summit revealed that a new generation of leaders has appeared in the nonaligned world. At 59, Fidel Castro has become the elder statesman of the movement. Rajiv Gandhi, attaining new prestige as an activist, initiated proposals on southern Africa and the global economic crisis. Some Latin American nations are also becoming more active in the organization. Raul Alfonsín of Argentina attended and made a plea for new approaches to the debt crisis. Peru's Alan García came armed with a large dossier explaining the role his country was planning to play both in Latin America and in the movement itself. Nicaragua was represented by a large team, and Daniel Ortega was an important voice in discussions of the movement's future policy for Central America. Although attending as observers, Mexico and Brazil took part in consideration of the debt crisis and the world economy. The Latin Americanization of the movement, which began among the Caribbean nations, is now finally spreading to the continent itself.

There was the usual debate over the venue of the next summit, in 1989, when it will be a Latin American country's turn to assume the chair. Nicaragua was the only member from the region to offer to take the post; its delegation claimed that the pro-U.S. nations in the movement had been given specific instructions by Washington to block its candidacy.

Mugabe made it quite clear at the outset that he would be an able and activist chair. He produced a compromise formula whereby Cyprus would preside over the foreign ministers' meeting, at which plans for the ninth summit will be taken up again. South Africa's efforts to embarrass Mugabe by digging up an old trade agreement with Zimbabwe were dismissed by the vast majority of the heads of state as a cheap destabilization ploy. The Reagan Administration's announcement during the summit that it was withdrawing foreign aid because of a Zimbabwean minister's criticisms of U.S. policy toward South Africa at a July 4 celebration at the U.S. Embassy succeeded only in increasing Mugabe's stature.

It is unfortunate that the United States has been hostile toward the Nonaligned Movement since its birth. Republican and Democratic administrations have considered it anti-Western, especially at the United Nations. But the United States and its First World allies favor a definition of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nonalignment that is totally unacceptable to the movement—specifically, that members steer a course that is equidistant from both the Soviet Union and the United States. The nonaligned countries insist on following an independent and activist policy in international politics, aimed at achieving a more just and peaceful world. They claim the right to pursue their own paths of economic, social and political development; to form their own associations; and to condemn actions in world politics on the basis of their own analysis. In their view the majority of the military interventions and the obstacles to Third World development have originated not from the Eastern bloc but from the West.

If the United States showed a little flexibility, a new beginning could be made. The Reagan Administration is willing, after all, to talk to representatives of the evil empire in Moscow, so it should have no difficulty in talking to a coalition that includes some of the United States' staunchest allies, such as Zaire, Morocco and Singapore. Because the Nonaligned Movement is one of the few international organizations that is firmly anchored in both the Western and the socialist world, such a dialogue could inaugurate a new era in world politics, with the Western, socialist and nonaligned nations joining to create a path to peace and mutual development.

A.W. SINGHAM

A. W. Singham has just published a book with Shirley Hune titled Nonalignment in an Age of Alignments *(Lawrence Hill & Company). He was an adviser to the Ministry of Information of the government of Zimbabwe during the eighth summit.*

How-to Bioregional

How does a political movement grow, take shape, have impact? How does it transform an idea, a cause, into an organization? Traditionally the choices have been either the bureaucratic alternative—a national office with a poorly paid staff and traveling organizers, a newsletter and subsidiary branches or chapters; or what may be called the amorphous alternative—local groups operating at their own pace and whim, with some vague transcendental affiliation with one another but no visible superstructure.

The bioregional movement has found a third way, or at least it hopes it has. At its second biennial congress, held last month on the shores of Lake Michigan in the Great Lakes Bioregion, it succeeded in giving continuity and shape to what has for the past decade been a swirl of formless activity, but it did so without any of the centralizing structure and stifling hierarchy characteristic of so many American political movements.

The bioregional movement is the latest expression of the ecological sensibility that emerged in the 1960s to awaken the country to the accumulating environmental crises and to establish political and economic alternatives to the industrial system that created them. It takes as its philosophical and organizational locus the bioregion—a geographic area such as a watershed, a plateau, a valley—and has so far spawned a score of bioregion-based organizations and perhaps as many as fifty other bioregionally identified groups. Two years ago it held the first North American Bioregional Congress [see Sale, "Bioregional Green," *The Nation*, June 16, 1984].

Some 165 people gathered for this latest congress, a weeklong affair which included intensive sessions full of resolutions, committee reports, amendments and the like, and at the end of it, without anyone quite knowing how, there emerged the latticework of a substantial organization: ten different action centers, at least five standing committees and a steering council to prepare for the next congress, two years hence in British Columbia, Canada.

Some of the centers are to be strictly task-oriented. The group at Planet Drum Foundation in San Francisco will produce a directory of bioregional organizations on the continent; the Hudson Bioregional Council is in charge of assembling a comprehensive bioregional bibliography; and two groups, Sunrock Farms in Ohio and New Catalyst in British Columbia, will operate mail-order bookstores for bioregional material. Others are to be subject-oriented: a culture and arts directory service, for example, an education center, a "forest information exchange" and a water center.

In addition, standing committees were created to coordinate activities and formulate basic policies in the areas of economics, forestry and "eco-defense" over the next two years. And to act as a sort of switchboard and nexus for all of that, an information clearinghouse was established, designed to tell anyone, inside the movement or not, everything they always wanted to know about bioregionalism, and who is doing it where (Bioregional Project, Box 3, Brixey, MO 65618).

This makes a fairly complex skeleton for a young movement, and it may not get fleshed out as fully as the congress participants suggested. But whatever the outcome, the model that the bioregional congress came up with represents a novel and potentially important approach to organizing political and social change in a continent as enormous as this one. It cleaves to the principles of decentralism and diversity that have been the hallmark (or at least the catchword) of most movement groups since the 1960s, and at the same time it allows for some cohesiveness within the movement between biennial meetings. There is no one individual who can speak for bioregionalism and no one group with more power or importance than the rest. Still, if anyone wants to learn what bioregional groups may be doing, or see what a bioregional education program might look like, or ask for bioregional assistance in defense of a stretch of wilderness, there is a way to find out, a way to become part of the movement. That is a crucial step in using the tools of the future, seeking ends by means that are in harmony with those ends. And that in its own way is as significant as any ecological statement the bioregional people could make.

KIRKPATRICK SALE

Kirkpatrick Sale, author of Human Scale *(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan), is active in the bioregional movement.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEAT THE DEVIL.

The F.M.: Fear Strikes the Soul

One of the choicest moments in the enjoyable joint television appearance of the First Lady and the First Man came right at the start, when the F.M. said that much had been achieved in recent years, citing "economic recovery" by way of uplifting illustration. This came hot on the heels of a 141.03-point drop in the Dow Jones industrial average the previous week.

I wonder how the F.M. reacts to the reports of chaos on the exchanges when he watches the evening news—assuming that he does watch it. At one level, far below the macadamed threshold of his consciousness, they must be disturbing to him, stimulating far from pleasant memories of his drunken father following the collapse of capitalism and his own fortunes in the late 1920s and early 1930s. Small wonder that the F.M. insists with such vehemence that it is morning again, despite all evidence to the contrary. It's as though he were still trying to prove to his dad it can't happen again.

But evidence that it's morning again is hard to come by. Over the past two years the average rate of growth in the United States has been less than 3 percent. The only positive sign recently has been the increase in car sales, with the introduction of low interest rates. If it weren't for military spending, mainly on the East and West coasts, the situation would be bleak indeed. Externally there's no sign that either West Germany or Japan has much interest in reflating to the point where it might become a locomotive for the world economy, as the United States was in Reagan's first term. Everyone wants to export; no one wants to import.

Almost the only encouraging note is that the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings provisions cease to apply if the growth rate runs at less than 1 percent for two successive quarters. The second quarter growth rate this year was 0.6 percent, so if the third quarter follows suit, at least that piece of evil legislation will be in abeyance.

Of course, people like the F.M. himself in his lefty youth would have greeted news of the 141-point lurch in the Dow as maybe a harbinger that the system was on the ropes and going down. There's no particular reason that the Dow shouldn't go on sinking now, since the stock market is, as they say, a lagging indicator. When I asked an economist friend of mine what he thought might befall, he said the system would obviously continue in crisis but added Paul Sweezy's advice that the days of violent collapses are over and that the days of "dull horribleness" are upon us.

Still and all, I suppose it was appropriate that on the day of a record fall in the Dow, a major twitch in capitalism's nerve system, the House of Representatives reacted symbolically by urging the death penalty for certain kinds of dope pushers, sanctioning the use of illegally obtained evidence in drug trials and calling on the military to act as a police force in drug interdiction.

Moscow Memories

I know that the only thing one should be writing about these days concerning the Soviet Union is the fate of Nicholas Daniloff, but here's a defiant change of topic. Somewhat belatedly and in the course of my own voyages, the travel diary of my friend Lynn Turgeon has caught up with me. Lynn, a professor of economics at Hofstra University, is one of those admirable people who like to share the useful insights of explorations, and he therefore circulates an imposing slather of single-spaced pages to his pals. Because Lynn's specialty is the economies of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, these pages are instructive, particularly on how people experience these economies day to day.

Lynn went all over Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union this year, and one of his entries concerns another F.M.—Richard Nixon:

> By Tuesday, July 15, Nixon was displaying his virtuosity as a political scientist on his first visit to the prestigious Institute for the Study of the U.S.A. and Canada, headed by Georgi Arbatov. As fate would have it, I arrived at the institute in midafternoon the same day for an appointment with a brilliant young section head, whom I have known for at least a dozen years. Naturally, I was interested in the Soviet's reaction to Nixon's speech, as related to me by Arbatov's very intelligent and well-informed assistant.
>
> The Soviets believe that the former President is playing a more important role in the Reagan Administration than most Americans realize. According to my source, Nixon sent a steady stream of foreign policy memos to the White House, and some of Reagan's talks or statements contain whole paragraphs lifted from the Nixon memos.
>
> Nixon made it perfectly clear to his audience that his views are at odds with what he calls the "ultraconservatives," presumably people like Richard Perle. He reassured his listeners that he has no interest in having the United States play its "China card," but would in fact prefer warmer relations between the two socialist neighbors. Likewise, Nixon argues against the United States abandoning Western Europe in favor of more attention to the Asian front, preferring instead an evenhanded policy between the two theaters. . . .
>
> They were . . . astonished to hear the nice things he still had to say about Nikita Khrushchev as a "great" world leader and policy-maker, something the Russians themselves are still unwilling to recognize in either their history books or encyclopedias. Here, again, if the U.S.A.-ologists have read the Nixon memoirs—and we can be sure that they have—they would have expected the respect, if not outright admiration, that Nixon felt for both Premiers Khrushchev and Brezhnev. It was the latter, incidentally, who received a Cadillac from Nixon and later told the former President that he would always be welcome in the U.S.S.R. even after 1976, when Nixon presumably would no longer be in the White House. Rather than blame Watergate for the President's early demise, the Russians attribute his forced retirement from the presidency, in August 1974, to the machinations of various anti-détente forces on the United States political scene.

One continuing beef Nixon presumably has with the now-inoperative "political center" is that it never realized that, in terms of actual operating policy, he was part of it, but chose to hound him out of office in 1974, thus leaving a vacuum for the hawks. The irony is that in terms of international politics, and probably economic policy too, Nixon has re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALEXANDER COCKBURN

mained in the center, whereas the elites—as represented by *The Washington Post*—have rushed into the Reagan camp.

From The Nation's Capital

● Fresh proof, if any were needed, that *The Washington Times* remains under the sway of sinister Asian influences has come before me. The chain of evidence starts with Christopher Buckley's review in *Vanity Fair* of Sally Quinn's novel, *Regrets Only*. Buckley, essaying an artful term for the genre in which Quinn's work should be placed, used the word "cliterature."

Among those not saying ho-ho to this was Sally Quinn. By Federal Express she rushed a terse message to Tina Brown, editor of *Vanity Fair*, and her husband, Harold Evans, now also employed by Condé Nast, disinviting the couple to her impending book party. Now, Brown and Evans had been married in the garden of Quinn and Bradlee's summer home, so the uproar became the most hotly debated topic in the nation's capital since the Canadian Ambassador's wife beat up her secretary before the eyes of hundreds.

Among the publications following these events was *The Washington Times*, but its report contained one small but significant error, which at once alerted experienced analysts to the sinister Asian influences mentioned above. Quinn's fury, said *The Times*, had been prompted by Buckley's use of the term "criterature."

● Elsewhere on the Washington scene there is considerable gloom at *The New Republic* over the return of Morton Kondracke. Kondracke left to become Washington bureau chief of *Newsweek*, but chafed, lamenting dishonored pledges that he would be permitted space for reflective essays on the human condition. Finally, neither his proud spirit nor that of his employer could bear it any longer, and the *Newsweek* bureau waved his parting form adieu.

Martin Peretz said Kondracke could come back, but no one else is pleased. His old slot as Cro-Mag in residence has been filled by Fred Barnes, and now both will be crammed in the same small cave, eyed with distaste by the elfin Kinsley, who inherited Kondracke's column at *The Wall Street Journal*. And Krauthammer? He's just launched a characteristically stupid assault in *The New Republic* for September 29 on my colleague Christopher Hitchens for the latter's article on terrorism in the September issue of *Harper's*. Krauthammer's been smarting ever since Hitchens gave his book a well-deserved pasting about a year ago.

Hitchens, who likes to live in the fast lane, reports that last week he went to a svelte Washington party and across the room descried a face somehow both unalluring and familiar. As he approached, the man made an expansive gesture and smashed the huge window behind him. Amid the clatter of falling glass he cried mysteriously, "It's all Alexander Cockburn's fault." Determining that it was indeed Robert Leiken, our man pressed forward and introduced himself with smooth address as Christopher Hitchens of *The Nation*. Leiken's smile became fixed and ghastly, as though Hitchens had laid a viper upon his arm. He curtly declined all wordplay and trotted off in search of his patron, Representative Les Aspin.

On the subject of Leiken, I occasionally get asked why no rebuttal has appeared to the man's last flair-off of falsehood in the June 26 issue of *The New York Review of Books*, containing unflattering comments on myself and Tony Jenkins. The answer is that Jenkins sent in a lengthy rejoinder in mid-July but returned from a trip to Europe to find *The New York Review* curiously slothful in responding. It is now pleading with Jenkins to shorten his unsparing comments. We shall see if free and fair debate prevails. If not, these columns are ready once more.

Double Your Standard (an Ongoing Series)

On August 12 the Israeli Interior Ministry closed *al-Mithaq*, a Palestinian Arabic-language daily published in Jerusalem, on the ground that it was financed by the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. The Israelis shut down the weekly *al-Ahd* for the same reason. *Al-Mithaq* is the first Palestinian daily to have lost its license to publish on a permanent basis. At one point in the course of this episode the Israeli authorities said, "Although we offer them freedom of expression . . . it is forbidden to permit them to exploit this freedom in order to harm the state of Israel." After a hastily concluded legal battle the Israeli Supreme Court upheld the shutdowns. Evidence allegedly linking the two papers to the P.F.L.P. had been presented to the court in a closed session, from which lawyers for the papers had been barred. According to *al-Mithaq*'s editor and publisher, Mahmoud al-Khatib, the two publications are financially independent and have no connection with any Palestinian organization, although they do tend to reflect the views of opposition circles within the P.L.O. There has been no stir in the U.S. press over the suppression of the right to publish in this case.

Last Word From Fred

● It was Fred. Readers have been ladling me healthful doses of the *Anti-Dühring* which reflect Engels's view that freedom is either the recognition or the appreciation of necessity and that this same freedom "does not consist in the dream of independence from natural laws but in the possibility of making them work towards definite ends." Rose Hersted of Portola, California, adds that Giordano Bruno had in the fifteenth century come to the sound conclusion that "necessity and freedom are one: hence, what acts by the necessity of nature acts freely."

So much for Fred. I'd be interested to accumulate fake quotations, with sources if possible, from Lenin. They still slide around the right-wing circuit, and every now and again the President lets one loose.

● "Of course no generalization will fit every terrorist," wrote Daniel Goleman in "The Roots of Terrorism Are Found in Brutality of Shattered Childhood," in *The New York Times* for September 2. Except of course the word "terrorist," Daniel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

I've done everything to avoid facing up to the geography crisis. It's not that I haven't seen the evidence. Every week I seem to read about the results of yet another study confirming a shocking level of geographical ninnyism among the young. Apparently, if you were to ask the average American high-school student where, say, Alabama is, he might identify it as the capital of Chicago, which he thinks of as a large country somewhere in the Middle East. A high-school student who lives in Montgomery or Birmingham or Huntsville wouldn't say that about Alabama, of course; he'd say it was a football team.

I tried to ignore all of this. When I'd read what percentage of American college sophomores identified London as a small country in France, I'd say something like, "Well, kids'll be kids." After all, every week I was also reading about the results of studies demonstrating ninnyism in any number of other fields. In the United States there is a firmly established custom of sending researchers around the country to prove to ourselves how dumb we are.

The newspapers are constantly running results of surveys showing what percentage of citizens don't know who their congressman is and how many of them, when presented with a multiple-choice question, identify *haute cuisine* as the French Foreign Minister. I myself live in fear that one day, as I'm walking innocently down the street, I'll be accosted by some smart-aleck survey-taker who will demand that I give him the name of the Secretary of Labor.

For a while, I tried to persuade myself that students don't mean these answers to be taken literally. That sort of thing happens sometimes with geography. Once, just after I had spent a few days in Baton Rouge witnessing what seemed to me particularly bizarre behavior in the Louisiana Legislature, a man I knew in New Orleans tried to put it all into perspective for me by saying, "What you have to remember about Baton Rouge is that it's not the southern United States; it's northern Costa Rica." He didn't mean it literally, I figured, so why assume that college freshmen are being literal if they happen to identify Baton Rouge as a continent very near Cambodia?

But I realized that I was just kidding myself. I realized that I wasn't facing up to the geography crisis because I resented the fact that American students no longer seem to value what happens to have been my best subject. I didn't do very well in math—I could never seem to persuade the teacher that I hadn't meant my answers literally—but I was a whiz in geography. Even now I remember that Lake Titicaca in Peru is the highest, deepest lake in the world (other lakes are higher and other lakes are deeper, but no lake is both higher and deeper). Even now I can name the leading mineral products of Missouri (lead and zinc). Who were these wise-guy students to act as if such knowledge were not worth having!

That's when it hit me: students do tend to be wise guys. Maybe what we've been told is a geography crisis is actually an elaborate prank played by high-school students on whichever institution is spending a lot of grant money trying to gauge the depths of their abysmal ignorance. I can imagine more or less the same scene being repeated all across the country. Three or four high-school boys are lounging around a local video-game parlor when they are approached by a carefully dressed man who is wearing a suit and carrying a clipboard. He asks them if they would volunteer to answer a few questions for a survey, in return for which the next round of Pac-Man will be on him.

"Ronnie Joe here can help you," the boys say, pushing forward a slack-jawed young man with a haircut that suggests an Apache who is toying with the idea of going over to the Rastafarians. As it happens, Ronnie Joe is the captain of the high-school geography team—a geography ace who has, in state competition, rattled off the capitals of Burkina Faso and Luxembourg, correctly answered a question about which mountain ranges are found in Hungary and recited the principal products of Surinam in the order of their importance.

"Where is Russia?" the researcher asks.

"Two down from Bolivia," Ronnie Joe says, looking proud.

"What is the Danube?"

"A punk waltz group," Ronnie Joe says, as the researcher solemnly scratches away at his clipboard and Ronnie Joe's friends try to conceal their giggling by hiding behind the video games.

The researcher gets what he came for, and is promoted to the survey that shows how dumb grown-ups are. A week later, he stops me in the street and asks me to name the Secretary of Labor. I tell him that I can't seem to remember the name right offhand. He makes a notation on his clipboard, thanks me and walks away—not realizing that I'm in on the joke.

Copyright © 1986 by Calvin Trillin. Distributed by King Features Syndicate.

STAFF ADDENDUM

We welcome George Black to the staff. For the next five months—give or take a trip to Latin America and other points—George will serve as associate editor. Elsa Dixler, the familiar occupant of that chair, will become executive editor, filling in for Richard Lingeman, who is taking time off to work on Volume II of his biography of Theodore Dreiser. George Black comes to us from *NACLA Reports*, which he edited for nearly three years. He also serves as a consulting editor for Pantheon Books. We also welcome Julie Abraham, who is doing copy editing in the literary department, and we wish Maria Margaronis, assistant literary editor, a productive three-month leave.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

COVERING (UP) CITY HALL

The Shame of The Urban Press

JOHN L. HESS

When a reporter asked the Mayor of New York whether he shouldn't have known about the massive corruption in his administration, he replied characteristically, "Did *you* know?" Even in New York that was not much of an answer, but it was a good question. In an era of overt corruption of government it may fairly be said that the major media would rather not know about it.

In New York City, for example, everyone was aware that Mayor Ed Koch had received millions of dollars in campaign contributions from donors who received billions of dollars in benefactions from his office, yet the media kept saying that his integrity could not be questioned. Indeed, in January, after one of Koch's cronies had attempted suicide and officials were being enveloped in a snowfall of subpoenas, a reporter for *The New York Times* felt obliged to say of the Mayor in a news column:

> He is recognized by everyone, even his die-hard political enemies, as impeccably honest. He also puts public service on a pedestal, prizes it more than any other profession and gets more plaudits than most public officials for the quality of his appointments.

It was prudent of the reporter not to be more specific, because there was no major department of the Koch administration untainted by scandal and flagrant incompetence, and scores of his top appointees would be gone before the leaves of autumn. To be sure, a less flattering portrait of the hero had been drawn by three City Hall reporters in a book, *I, Koch*, published last year. They described him as a bigot, a bully, an egomaniac and a twister from way back. But they acknowledged that this was not the picture they conveyed to the public when they were on the City Hall beat. They could not explain why.

Let's try.

To begin with, their bosses did not want the muck to be raked. In a democracy it is not possible to bury all of the dirt all of the time, but heaven knows they do their best. It may be said that since Watergate, to paraphrase Adam Smith, our media merchants seldom meet on the most innocent occasions without ending on a note of alarm at an imagined excess of investigatory zeal. Take Wes Gallagher, former general manager of the Associated Press, who told an appreciative session of the American Newspaper Publishers Association that "the First Amendment is not a hunting license." Or consider the swan song of Michael J. O'Neill as editor of the New York *Daily News* and president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

O'Neill's speech was a tirade against reportorial nosiness. The press, he said, had undermined and demoralized authority, and must now "set matters straight." It should "make peace with the government," be "more positive, more tolerant of the frailties of human institutions," lest it "undermine public confidence and, without intending to, become a cause rather than just a reporter of national decline."

"On balance," he seesawed, "investigative reporting probably has done more good than harm, though a wise member of the *New York Times* editorial board, Roger Starr, would dispute the point. He once suggested wistfully that journalism schools should ban Lincoln Steffens' famous book, *The Shame of the Cities*. He said that muckraking did so much damage to the cities that he hated to think what havoc modern investigative reporting might cause."

Starr made his meaning plainer in *The Rise and Fall of New York City*, which Mayor Koch, in a jacket blurb, called brilliant. The book says the city's downfall was due to rent control, welfare and public hygiene, which, by keeping alive slum infants who otherwise would die, helped create a mammoth class of born criminals. But Starr is not against all crime. "Graft," he wrote, "is an important safety valve against the possibility of ineffective government. If a government is weak enough, the official who takes graft and accomplishes something in return can be a hero. . . . In a

DRAWINGS BY MORT GERBERG

John L. Hess, a former New York Times *reporter, is a syndicated columnist.*

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

government as good as New York's has been, much graft is of a minor, rather benign sort." And so on.

Starr may have come by his laissez-faire views naturally. Born and bred in the building-materials business, he worked as a spokesman for New York landlords and a housing commissioner before he became *The Times*'s chief editorialist on city affairs. But his neoconservative philosophy was neither original nor unique at *The Times* when he arrived. Ten years ago its news editor in charge of city politics told me in a gentle reproach, "Graft is the lubricant of democracy."

I had been trying to persuade the editors that corruption was a key factor in the city's financial crisis and that *The Times* should set up a permanent task force to investigate it—my private reasoning being that, just as we had a political staff whose function tended to shield corruption, we needed one whose function would require it to expose corruption.

I went so far as to invite Arthur Gelb, then metropolitan editor, to stick a pin into the city directory, promising to find a scandal wherever it landed. Gelb, as often, temporized. He would not take a stand on creating an investigative unit, but he invited me to forage on my own for stories that would justify the need.

The first billion dollars was easy. Leaning on the work of others and doing some digging of my own, it was no trouble to document waste and looting on a vast scale, in day-care centers, nursing homes, Medicaid mills, the Yankee Stadium renovation, the Hunts Point terminal, the Bronx Terminal Market.

The last one, a doozie that put former Mayor John Lindsay in an embarrassing light, began running into a lack of space in the paper that eventually proved terminal. Gelb had unfortunately been promoted out of the line of decision. Assistant metro editor Sydney Schanberg, who had been quietly supportive of the stories, took me aside and said, "John, the trouble is that you're trying to cover New York as if you were still a foreign correspondent." And what was wrong with that? "When I was covering Southeast Asia," he explained, "I could write that a government was corrupt, but you can't write that the government of New York is corrupt."

Schanberg was of course being ironic. (Eventually he was dropped by *The Times* for writing that New York was corrupt.) But another editor was quite sincere when he asked me, regarding the complicity between the Democratic boss Stanley Steingut and a nursing home racketeer, "What did Stanley do that was wrong?" He was just lubricating democracy, that's all.

All through this investigative effort of mine, several political chiefs were refusing my telephone calls, although they often gabbed at length with colleagues a few desks away. A friendly official downtown warned me that what I said in the city room would reach City Hall in fifteen minutes.

Don't get me wrong. These political reporters were able journalists, and honorable by their lights. They just happened to like politicians and to approve of what politicians do. They were all more or less under the spell of a romantic illusion. Even the great A.J. Liebling was not immune to it. It is the illusion of the gallant old machine boss as populist hero, the honest grafter defending the immigrant or redneck class against the hypocritical WASP establishment.

A case in point in 1976 was the tale of Matty Troy, the boss of Queens. Matty was a pet of the press because he talked tough and made colorful copy; when City Hall lowered the flag in mourning over an escalation in Vietnam, Matty climbed to the roof and raised it back up. So when the Feds indicted him for income tax evasion, the boys were devastated. One of the city's finest reporters said to me, "Doesn't everybody cheat on taxes?"

It happened that the taxes Matty had neglected to pay were due on money he had stolen from small estates entrusted to him by the Queens surrogate—a type of honest graft that continues to flourish. The Feds hit Matty with a tax rap because no Queens court could be expected to convict him of larceny; indeed, many of the judges attended Matty's going-away party. *The Times* and other dailies carried tear-jerkers about the end of a promising career. No one bothered to interview the widows or orphans whom Matty and others in the racket had been ripping off.

Contrary to prevailing myth, political reporters tend to be more naïve than the general public—at once more naïve and more cynical. That is, they are more reluctant to believe that politicians are corrupt, and more willing to forgive corruption. This must be because reporters are in such close and mutually helpful contact with politicians, and are continually subject to their assiduous flattery.

Murray Kempton has written that Anthony Scotto, the Brooklyn waterfront racketeer and political fixer, once told him he could buy any reporter in town for a cup of coffee. Kempton said he was particularly struck by the remark because at that moment Scotto was buying his lunch. Scotto was no doubt exaggerating about the ease of his conquests, but it is a fact that when he was caught and convicted for shakedowns, some of the best journalists in town defended him valiantly, in print.

Ken Auletta, a prominent New York journalist who deplored the post-Watergate vogue of investigative journalism, used to publish New Year's greetings to just about all the pols in town. In wishing them a happy 1977, in *The Village Voice*, he described pols in general as decent folks who had to worry about "zealous prosecutors who would indict them for 'crimes' they do not understand; about journalists who confuse custom with corruption; about constituents who come to lump them all together as common crooks."

He also had a special kind word for each politician. Even then, it seems, Anthony Ameruso was notorious. Auletta greeted him thus: "The city's capable highway commissioner hails from the clubhouse. Shame! So did Al Smith." And Donald Manes rated this: "The Queens County leader (and borough president) doesn't bullshit his friends, or the press."

Most city reporters would have said the same about Ed Koch, the antimachine Democrat who would be elected Mayor that year with the secret endorsement of the borough

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READ THE WORLD

Readers International brings you today's world literature. Each hardcover volume, by subscription, is just $8.45. (regularly to $17.50)

"Ty-Casper's prose glitters" *Publishers Weekly* The riveting story of the last years of Marcos rule.

New from **The Philippines**

WINGS OF STONE

It is early 1986, in Manila. The world watches the revolution toppling Marcos. But few can know the whys or wherefores behind those dramatic TV images. Now prize-winning Filipino novelist Linda Ty-Casper's new novel *Wings of Stone* lets us feel that urgency—from the *other* side of the lens—right up to those days of deliverance. Through the eyes of Johnny Manalo, from his landing on the tarmac where Aquino was killed, we enter a nightmare world of violence and corruption in this crucible for change in Asia.

From Brazil, Antônio Torres' *The Land* brings us the harsh, lyrical world of the Backland region, whose peasants survive with grim humor, and whose children long for the phantom riches of São Paulo. This modern Brazilian classic on the conflict between the rural and the urban now comes into English for the first time.

Next to Africa and the satirical *Laugh-to-Cry*, as the great Congolese novelist Henri Lopez lampoons the supreme African dictator—Amin, Bokassa, Mobutu, all in one—who moves overnight from the barracks to the Presidential Palace. Funny but searing: Lopez' satire bites with anger and sadness at Africa's burden of butcher-clowns.

Fiction, says André Brink, has a way of recording a truth deeper than fact. Through READERS INTERNATIONAL (**RI**) you can explore new worlds of fiction, worlds seen more clearly, stories told more freshly than in any news report.

"*A splendid and important enterprise and worth supporting*," says London's Financial Times.

RI works like a magazine subscription—every other month you receive a new and timely book: handsome hardcover editions at the special price of $8.45 + $1.50 postage. Your subscription helps fund the translation and printing of some of the world's finest literature.

Subscribe now for a *good read* and help bring some of today's most gifted writers into English. "Readers International is exciting: good books—and a good cause," says A. Whitney Ellsworth, publisher of the *NY Review of Books*. Return the coupon now to receive your first volume.

ALREADY LAUNCHED by readers like you: Antonio Skármeta's *I Dreamt the Snow Was Burning*, "the most accomplished piece of literature to come out of Chile since Pinochet took power"—Village Voice; *My Merry Mornings* by Ivan Klíma, "charming and comic stories about Prague, irrepressibly cheerful and successfully written"—Financial Times. Osvaldo Soriano's *A Funny Dirty Little War* (Argentina)—"feisty and brawling, rooted in the reality of the nation"—NY Times Bk Rev. *Poland Under Black Light* by Janusz Anderman—"an honest and powerful voice...he undercuts the lies of one side and the mythology of the other"—New Statesman. *Fools* by Ndebele (S. Africa), "Intricate and subtle...unusual depth"—LA Times.

RI READERS INTERNATIONAL
PO Box 959 Columbia, LA 71418

Please begin my subscription to RI's series with *Wings of Stone* at the $8.45 subscriber price plus $1.50 for postage. Send RI's latest book at the same price every other month. At any time I may cancel simply by writing you.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE/PROV. ZIP/CODE

☐ $9.95 (Can. $12.50) enclosed. Bill my ☐ Mastercard ☐ VISA

CARD NUMBER EXPIRATION DATE

SIGNATURE

SPECIAL SAVINGS: Prepay a year's subscription for six books at $6.50 each plus $1.50 p&p.

☐ **I enclose my check for $48.00 (Can. $58).**

☐ **Bill my credit card for $48 (US currency only).**

How RI Selects Books: Literary merit is the first consideration of **RI**'s editors and advisors. Many of these works were initially banned at home or written in exile: **RI** is committed to publishing literature in danger. Each is current, from the past 10 years. Each is new to readers here—although many have been acclaimed in European editions. Subscribe now and give these powerful writers a voice in English, all at a very modest price.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

machines, who reappointed Ameruso against the advice of associates, and who became thick as thieves with Manes and the other county bosses of both parties.

The exposure by the Feds of corruption in Ameruso's department led to Manes's suicide early this year, which in turn set off a pinwheel of criminal investigations that for a season overwhelmed the media. Observing the fireworks, Andy Logan of *The New Yorker* recalled a scene from the 1981 Inner Circle revue, staged by the City Hall press gang, in which reporters acting as party bosses sang: "Give us a little deal, will ya, Ed? / Grease up our little wheel, will ya, Ed? / Gosh, oh gee, / Why do you refuse? / I can't see / What you've got to lose." There was the real Ed Koch, just down the hall from the press room, giving away the store to the politicians every day, but he kept saying he did not deal with bosses, so they believed him.

As with Auletta writing about Manes, it was a matter of being able to recognize bullshit when it was being laid on them. □

DRUGS IN SPORTS

Symptoms of a Deeper Malaise

SANDY PADWE

For pure hypocrisy, there is little that can match the statement Pete Rozelle, the commissioner of the National Football League, made at a press conference he called July 7 to announce the details of the N.F.L.'s drug testing program. "Our concern," he said, "is the health and welfare of the players—those taking drugs and those injured by those taking drugs."

When novelist Pat Toomay, a former defensive end for several N.F.L. teams, including the Dallas Cowboys and the Oakland Raiders, heard what Rozelle had said, he laughed. "All of a sudden he's worried," said Toomay, who retired in 1980 after a ten-year career. "Why wasn't he worried twenty years ago? Fifteen years ago? Five? It's been going on forever. What about all those guys running around on amphetamines? Painkillers? Steroids? They just didn't start hurting people last season, you know."

The timing of Rozelle's press conference seemed cynical coming as it did when stories about the death from cocaine intoxication of Len Bias, the Maryland University basketball star, and of Don Rogers, the Cleveland Browns safety, were blanketing the front page, the sports page and the nightly national news telecasts. The league said that the timing was a coincidence and that it had been working on a drug testing program ever since revelations of drug use by six players on the New England Patriots soured the aftermath of Super Bowl XX.

Rozelle is no newcomer to the problem of drugs in the N.F.L. Former St. Louis Cardinals linebacker Dave Meggyesy, now the western director of the N.F.L. Players Association, wrote about it in *Out of Their League* in 1970. *North Dallas Forty*, a novel by Pete Gent, a former receiver for the Cowboys and the New York Giants, remains the quintessential work on the subject of football and drugs.

In 1973, George Burman, a Washington Redskins center, was one of several players who detailed drug abuse, especially amphetamine usage, on the team, only to have his coach, George Allen, say: "I know we don't have a drug problem. I'm not worried about it." (Allen now chairs the President's Council on Physical Fitness.) Later that same year, Representative Harley Staggers and Senator Birch Bayh presided over hearings in Washington on drug abuse in sports. Professional football received plenty of attention, and in 1974 the N.F.L. found its flagship case with the San Diego Chargers. Rozelle fined the team's owners, general manager Harland Svare and eight players a total of $40,000 for violations of league rules on drugs. (Cocaine was not involved.) For years after, whenever someone suggested that the N.F.L. wasn't doing all it could about the problem, league officials would point to the Chargers' fines as proof of how tough they could be. But the fines had little effect on the players, who understood that the league's drug policy was basically cosmetic, aimed at placating public opinion. Drug use hardly changed, according to Toomay and several other players active at the time.

As long as the drugs involved in sports were only amphetamines, steroids, painkillers and a little marijuana here and there, and as long as the books being written about the subject were by dissidents such as Meggyesy and Gent—or, in baseball, Jim Bouton—the commissioners felt no discomfort. The same could be said of the directors of athletics at colleges and universities.

Stories of cocaine abuse moved the drug issue to another level. They outraged the public, made TV advertisers nervous and caught the interest of the sporting press. To a lot of editors, coke was a hotter, trendier drug than amphetamines or anabolic steroids. The use of the latter was limited to enhancing one's performance, and in the anything-goes world of athletic competition no one cares about how players excel, as long as they excel.

For years cocaine had been creeping into the sports world. Warren Jabali, who played for Denver in the old American Basketball Association, told *Newsday* in 1973 that he had heard of cocaine dealers on professional basketball teams. In 1978, Bob Hayes, the former Olympic gold medalist who had earned the title of "the world's fastest human," was arrested for selling cocaine. Hayes had been a wide receiver for "America's team," the Dallas Cowboys, so the shock was even greater when Hayes was imprisoned a year later. After that there seemed to be a new drug scandal on the wires every week, often involving cocaine. Some of the athletes were little-known subs and second-stringers, or solid though obscure starters. But others had plenty of headline value.

By 1985 the question preoccupying the press and the commissioners of professional sports was, Can the integrity of

Sandy Padwe is a senior editor at Sports Illustrated.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the various games be protected? Rozelle ordered a handful of highly publicized suspensions for cocaine use. But his public relations blitz was nothing compared to the one launched that year by Peter Ueberroth, the commissioner of baseball, who held a series of press conferences on cocaine and granted selective interviews to journalists from prominent newspapers, magazines and television networks.

Ueberroth's initial strategy was to win public support for a drug testing program, and the public bought it after a parade of big-name players such as Keith Hernandez and Dave Parker testified in a Pittsburgh trial that summer that they had used drugs. When Ueberroth finally announced his testing plan, which basically called for players, general managers, secretaries, mail clerks and minor leaguers to pee into a bottle, there was even more backing for his position. With public opinion favoring testing, a number of major league players allowed testing clauses to be written into their contracts. That left the Major League Baseball Players Association—which opposes any testing that isn't negotiated under the collective bargaining agreement—to explain why it was trying to protect those players who hadn't signed their civil liberties away in the rush to judgment by the fans and the sporting press, which, by and large, had the rope and noose ready.

Then, one day last spring, Ueberroth simply waved his Olympic torch and proclaimed that baseball was drug-free. Apparently all those clean-cut young men who appeared in the Pittsburgh courtroom had been aberrations.

The deaths of Bias and Rogers were hardly aberrations, though. That's when sports and the streets really met, leaving the fans genuinely shocked at the demise, within such a short period, of two seemingly indestructible athletes. If only the fans had been as concerned through the years about the lives wasted by drug use in cities and on campuses. But athletes are perceived as different, special. In the first wave of news stories about Bias and Rogers, both were portrayed by coaches, family and friends as near-saints, people who would never touch a drug. If Bias and Rogers had died in car accidents, it would have been more understandable—a one- or two-day story. Instead, with the press leading the mourning, the deaths became a rallying point for all those groups who see the issue of drug testing in simplistic yes-or-no terms, the Constitution be damned.

The sports media played a major role in stoking the mob mentality. For the first time athletes had died as a result of cocaine abuse, and that focused the issue for the editors and news directors, who felt the public's anger through mail, polls and telephone calls. If sportswriters and broadcasters and their editors know anything, it's how to get a bet down quickly on a good horse. The Bias/Rogers story was a sure thing.

There was no murkiness now for the sports news managers, no departmental generation gap to bridge. Most of the older editors and writers neither understood nor cared about drugs, while the younger generation had been exposed to drug use since college. But both were happy to ignore the warning signals around them. In fact, some young sportswriters had exchanged good weed and good coke during interviews with athletes. It proved the reporter was one of the guys and could be trusted not to write about sensitive subjects, just as the older guys had proved it for all those years by not writing about boozing and whoring. Why spoil a good thing and cut off a source by getting into the real touchy stuff?

If you want to know what's really happening in sports, the place to find out is not usually on the printed page or on the evening telecasts. It's in the press room before and after games, where, over the free food and booze, the writers talk about who's drugged out and whose groin pull is really the clap. Of course, the gossip is off-the-record stuff, passed on by some coach, general manager or agent, or even a player. Quite often it's leaked as part of a whispering campaign by someone who wants to harm the victim for any of a variety of reasons. The best way to get rid of a malcontent or a hypochondriac or a druggie is to plant some gossip with a writer and have the writer pass it on along the grapevine. Pretty soon your problem vanishes to some other team or right out of the league.

There's a culture within a culture operating in sports. On one side, you have a predominantly white power structure, consisting of management and the press, which is serviced by management's powerful public relations machine. On the other side are the athletes, many of whom come from racial, ethnic and youth cultures with values and peer pressures completely antithetical to those of the people in control. You won't get a clear understanding of the inner workings of this culture from the press because most sports departments have an aversion to sociological issues and the abstractions they spawn. So all those competing forces just fester, bothering the daylights out of the fans, who don't quite comprehend what's going on and don't quite want to know.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUBSCRIBING TO OUR PRINCIPLES ISN'T ENOUGH.

The Nation.

THE NATION, BOX 1953, MARION, OH 43305

YES! I WANT TO SUBSCRIBE TO YOUR MAGAZINE, TOO. Send me 24 issues of The Nation for $15, a savings of a full 50 percent off the newsstand price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a refund for all unmailed copies.

NAME (Please Print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Double my savings. Send me a full year (47 issues) for $28.
☐ My payment is enclosed—reward me with FOUR FREE ADDITIONAL ISSUES!
☐ Please bill me later.

Add: Canada and Mexico: $3.50/24 issues, $7/one year; Other Foreign: $6.50/24 issues, $13/one year. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

D8634

From management's point of view, until Bias and Rogers died the real issues had been contained beautifully. The sports press—with a few troublesome exceptions—had been numbed. It sat there nodding off in front of the fire, feet up, full-bellied and belching like some Dickensian character in a country inn. So when the two men died, the press reacted predictably and hypocritically, with horror and wonder, as if it had just discovered that there is a real world out there which wasn't created by the P.R. people. Drugs? Right here in River City? Could it be?

Moral indignation oozed from nearly every VDT and microphone. The public expected indignation, but it didn't want the front page transferred to the sports page. As Wilfrid Sheed wrote in *Harper's* in 1984: "Sports continues its rounds as the Magnificent Evasion, since it also keeps us away from the bad news at home and in one's psyche. Many men, and a spattering of women, talk about sports from morning to night for fear something else might get in." The last thing the public wants to read about on the sports page is drugs, politics, antitrust suits, or questions about racism and sexism and colliding cultures. The more drug stories that appear in the papers or on TV, the angrier the public gets. Fans regard such stories as a personal affront, an invasion of sacred territory, a defilement of the temple. They cling to the concept of the athlete as role model, and there are plenty of politicians, commissioners, sportswriters and broadcasters to tell them that's the way it should be.

Why is the public so outraged when some quarterback or third baseman is picked up on a cocaine charge? When a John Belushi self-destructs, there is no outcry for the drug testing of actors. Outrage, it seems, is reserved for sports. When *Sports Illustrated* polled 2,000 adults about their views on sports last spring, it was no surprise that 73 percent of the respondents favored drug testing. A wonderful follow-up question to anyone who favors testing for athletes is whether that person would accept such examinations as a condition for employment. It also would be interesting to poll the members of the baseball, basketball, football and hockey writers associations to see if their members would submit to random drug testing.

Testing is not the simple answer in sports. There are questions about the testing procedures themselves that have not been answered. The tests are hardly infallible. And, then, do you test just for hard drugs or for the performance-enhancing drugs too? Rozelle's plan does not call for steroid testing, which is laughable given the evidence available about steroid use throughout the league. The N.F.L. says it is still working on the testing methodology. The questions over testing will deeply affect the players' future, not to mention their civil liberties as well as those of every other American. Civil libertarians are finally learning how powerful sport is in the United States and how law-enforcement officials and politicians can take advantage of the emotion of the moment to swing the debate over drug testing in their favor, if not in the Constitution's.

The public must realize that athletes are not heroes. Simply putting on a uniform does not make them better people or give them a greater standard of behavior to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uphold. Too many athletes are overpampered individuals who have been told all their life that they are special because they can throw a ball or run swiftly. They are eased through colleges and universities when they should be learning to read and write. Not only do they accept it, they expect it. They are the recipients of money, clothes, cars, women and drugs from all manner of people, while teachers, coaches, administrators and even some parents look the other way. Many athletes fully understand sport's amorality and don't even try to distinguish right from wrong.

If college and pro teams look away while the players pump themselves full of steroids, painkillers and amphetamines so they can play when they are hurt, why should athletes think there is anything wrong with doing coke with friends to relax? To be consistent, the press and the fans should be as concerned about athletes' use of painkillers or performance-enhancing drugs as they are about cocaine. Does the reason they aren't have anything to do with America's love affair with winning? Athletes are revered for scoring touchdowns, runs and baskets by a group of individuals to whom winning—or covering the point spread—has become an end in itself. Players get the message: Use whatever means it takes to get the score in your team's favor. Such an attitude skews values completely and bleeds all the beauty from our games.

For their part, the teams and schools expect the athletes to be paragons of virtue and role models. They make the players live this hypocrisy in order to receive financial benefits. As the system unravels—and it is unraveling faster than Roger Clemens can throw a baseball—the impulse will be to reach for a panacea like drug testing rather than to deal with much deeper, much more complex problems, which go to the very core of sport in America. Instead of calling for testing, the people with the nooses should be checking the foundation. It's about to collapse. □

Going 'MAD'

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

the Arabs had reached "military parity" with the enemy, he said, would peace be obtainable on honorable terms. Assad was merely rephrasing that ancient Reaganism: "We will not negotiate from a position of weakness." It was Israel, however, that finally convinced him to do more than talk about military strength.

In June 1982, in the early stages of the Lebanon War, Israeli bombers devastated Syria's Air Force, destroying eighty-six planes and a large portion of its air defenses. At the time, the Reagan Administration hailed the outcome as a victory for Israel and, by proxy, for U.S. weapons systems over Soviet arms. It was more than an embarrassment for the Russians; it was a direct challenge, which they could not ignore because of the Syrian-Soviet Friendship Treaty of 1980.

Stephen Green is the author of Taking Sides *(William Morrow) and is currently working on a sequel to that book.*

ORIGINAL **PRINTS** Limited Edition
SIGNED AND NUMBERED BY THE ARTIST
Rachael Romero

LEON KLAYMAN
PO BOX 281, PRINCE STATION, NEW YORK CITY, NY, 10012 (212) 777-2259

DECEMBER 5, 6, 7 – 1986
In These Unprecedented Times
Join Us At The 2nd Annual
CONFERENCE ON SOCIALISM AND ACTIVISM
CO-SPONSORED BY:
The Guardian, The Progressive, Socialist Review, WBAI-FM
Keynote speakers include:
Bertell Ollman, Barbara Dudley, Anne Nerin
Benjamin Spock, Mayor Bernie Saunders,
Michio Kaku, . . .
For More Information Call (212) 903-4029

REGISTRATION FORM
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Enclosed Find: ☐ $8 Senior, Student, Unemployed
☐ $12 Regular Advanced Registration
($18 Registration at the Door)
☐ $ _____ Contribution
Mail check or M.O. to: Conference, Box 0716, Brooklyn, NY 11240
HUNTER COLLEGE NEW YORK CITY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Over the next few months 5,000 Soviet advisers arrived in Syria to supervise the installation of an advanced, automated radar surveillance network, which included low-altitude acquisition and ground-control intercept radars, and new antiaircraft missiles. The SA-2s, 3s and 6s that Israel had successfully suppressed were supplemented by SA-5 surface-to-air missiles—the first introduction of such weapons outside the Soviet Union and the Warsaw Pact countries.

Not all of Syria's new capabilities were defensive. An integrated command, control and communications system was adopted, complete with AN-26 aircraft, providing an airborne radio relay. For the first time Syria had the potential, at least, to coordinate a land, air and sea attack force. More sophisticated T-72 tanks and Mi-24 attack helicopters arrived, along with SU-22 and MIG-27 Flogger D fighter-bombers with deep-strike attack potential. In early June of this year the Russians finally agreed to supply the MIG-29 Fulcrum, a plane comparable in performance to the U.S.—and, thus, Israeli—F-16.

Perhaps most worrisome to the Israelis, the Russians sold to Syria, installed and temporarily manned as many as nine batteries of SS-21 tactical ballistic missiles. With a payload of more than 2,000 pounds and a range of about seventy-five miles, these weapons can deliver conventional high explosives, cluster munitions and/or chemical, biological and radiological warheads to any part of northern Israel. Unlike the SCUD-B and FROG-7 missiles that the Russians provided to Syria and Egypt in years past, the SS-21 is accurate to within 200 feet. Moreover, current U.S. military intelligence has confirmed press reports that the Russians have recently agreed to supply Syria with even deadlier and more accurate SS-22 and SS-23 missiles. Israel's strategic position cannot sustain many more victories like the 1982 raids on Syria's Bekaa Valley.

If Syria were alone in its rejectionism and in its arms buildup, the threat to Israel's cities would be serious but limited. In recent years, however, the Israeli Defense Force (I.D.F.) has gone out of its way to antagonize nearby moderate Arab governments, with the result that Assad's advice about dealing with Israel from a position of military strength is now gaining acceptance throughout the region.

Saudi Arabia, with whom the United States has had a longer security relationship than with any other Arab country in the Middle East, is a case in point. The Saudis have not been a factor in previous Arab-Israeli wars and, until recently, have developed their armed forces in a decidedly defensive configuration. Since 1975, however, the I.D.F. has flaunted its military superiority by repeatedly violating Saudi airspace. On several occasions Israeli Air Force planes have made passes on Tabuk Air Base in northern Saudi Arabia and have even touched down on the runway, dropping empty fuel tanks as they did so. The Saudis have protested to the United States a number of times; thereupon the Administration asked the Israelis to stop, and received assurances that they would do so. The overflights continue.

According to U.S. intelligence sources, in the last years of Prime Minister Menachem Begin's regime the Reagan Administration and the Israeli government actually agreed on an acceptable frequency of Israeli overflights of Saudi Arabia. In April 1984, Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Arens reminded Administration officials of this agreement after one particularly plaintive U.S. request that Israel stop intruding on Saudi airspace.

Like Saudi Arabia, Jordan has been an easy target for humiliation by the Israeli armed forces. Since 1980, while the United States has been continually urging King Hussein to enter the Middle East peace process, Israel has made frequent incursions into Jordanian territory. From 1980 through 1982 alone, Israel committed more than 300 border violations and roughly 250 airspace violations. Over the next two years Israeli violations reported to the United Nations outnumbered Syrian violations of Jordan's borders by almost four to one, according to Amman. Anthony Cordesman, writing for the Middle East Institute in Washington, says these figures have been "broadly confirmed" by Western intelligence sources. Not surprisingly, King Hussein has often pointedly reminded U.S. administrations that the principal security threat facing his country is Israel, not Syria, Iran or the Soviet Union.

Although Egypt has not been the object of attacks by Israel since the Camp David agreement was signed in 1979, it has been politically damaged by every invasion, air raid and annexation initiated by Israel in the passing years. As Israel's peace partner, first Anwar el-Sadat and now Hosni Mubarak has been villified at home and in the Arab world generally each time Israel has struck. Egypt has lost Arab League membership, Arab diplomatic recognition and more than $1 billion in annual economic assistance from Persian Gulf states. Although the U.S. government has more than compensated for the loss—current annual assistance to Egypt is $2.2 billion—the rift with the rest of the Arab world remains a source of national resentment and internal political destabilization.

In the past five years Egypt, Jordan and Saudi Arabia have all sought modern weapons systems from the United States. More often than not, their requests have been rejected. In some instances the spurned government has given up its effort to obtain the weapons. Such was the case in 1984 when Saudi Arabia asked the United States for Lance missiles for possible retaliatory use against Iran. Bearing Israel's security in mind, the Reagan Administration refused, and it does not appear that the Saudis have pursued the search for the missiles with other potential suppliers, such as

THE NATION'S
FALL BOOKS ISSUE
NOVEMBER 1
(on sale October 25)
Advertising space closes October 13
Please call Chris Calhoun (212) 242-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the British, French or Chinese. Recently, however, several moderate Arab states have effectively refused to take no for an answer, and have sought and obtained equivalent systems from European suppliers and even from the Soviet Union.

In 1984 and 1985, Jordan attempted to purchase defensive arms from the United States—mostly surface-to-air and air-to-air missiles, and air defense aircraft. In February of this year, under extreme pressure from the Israel lobby and Congress, the Administration canceled the proposed sale. King Hussein drew the appropriate conclusions, telling two American journalists in a bitter interview that apparently the United States "had chosen to terminate" its security relationship with Jordan. Hussein received a letter from President Reagan, similar to one that was sent to King Fahd after the death of a Saudi arms deal last year, stating that the United States would not object to Jordan's seeking arms from other sources. Hussein did not need the permission or the prompting, and current U.S. military intelligence reports indicate that Jordan is seeking an advanced, integrated air defense system from the Russians and the French. It is also seeking advanced fighter-bombers and an accurately targetable tactical ballistic missile that can deliver large payloads "a hundred miles or so." Current U.S. intelligence indicates that the discussions with the Russians on this subject have centered on FROG and SCUD missiles, with the possible later sale of SS-21s. To pay for the weapons, Jordan has requested funds from Bahrain, Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates.

From Israel's perspective, a tactical ballistic missile sited in Jordan is not tactical but strategic. The launch-to-target time for a missile coming from Jordan to Israel (or from most of Syria, for that matter) is so short that there would be virtually no defense against such a system. Jordan still would not be able to protect itself against a massive ground attack like Israel's invasion of Lebanon in 1982, or from an air raid on Amman like the one Israel conducted against Tunis last year, but it could make the aggressor deeply regret its action.

Like Jordan, Egypt cannot hope to prepare for another round with Israel, in the short or medium term. Nor can Egypt even defend its skies from Israeli fighter-bombers, should that be necessary. But like Syria, Saudi Arabia and Jordan, Egypt can realistically expect in the next two or three years to acquire and deploy a weapon that would make an Israeli attack on Egypt a very costly undertaking. And that is precisely what Egypt is planning, according to the country's senior military officials and confirmed by the U.S. defense attaché in Cairo. It is actively seeking, and indeed already may have obtained, its own tactical ballistic missiles in the world market.

Why would Jordan and Saudi Arabia, let alone Egypt, risk the cutoff of U.S. aid or, worse, an Israeli pre-emptive attack by acquiring such weapons? To understand that, one must look at Middle Eastern events since 1979 through Arab eyes.

Since the Camp David meetings of 1978-79, Israel has sought to impose a kind of Pax Hebraica in the Middle East by regular—some would say frequent—use of its military forces. In September 1979 it tested a nuclear device in the South Atlantic with South Africa, underlining its nuclear monopoly in the Middle East. Less than two years later, in the summer of 1981, the Israeli Air Force destroyed a nuclear reactor in Baghdad, Iraq, and then attacked offices of the Palestine Liberation Organization in downtown Beirut, killing more than 300 civilians, according to official U.S. sources. Five months later, in December 1981, Israel announced that it was annexing the Golan Heights; and in June 1982 it launched a full-scale invasion of Lebanon, resulting in many thousands of civilian casualties. In October 1985 the Israeli Air Force bombed Tunisia, which was relatively quiescent in every Arab-Israeli war but which had permitted the P.L.O. to establish headquarters in Tunis in 1982, after the organization had been evacuated from Beirut under the auspices of the United Nations and the Red Cross. The P.L.O.'s presence in Tunisia had been negotiated by the U.S. government following the evacuation.

Some will consider this a selective chronology of the major events in the Middle East since Camp David, as it does not include acts of P.L.O. violence or Israel's relinquishment of the Sinai. But a pattern emerges from the events cited that helps explain the stagnation of the peace process, the decline of U.S. influence in the region and the dangerous military preparations under way there.

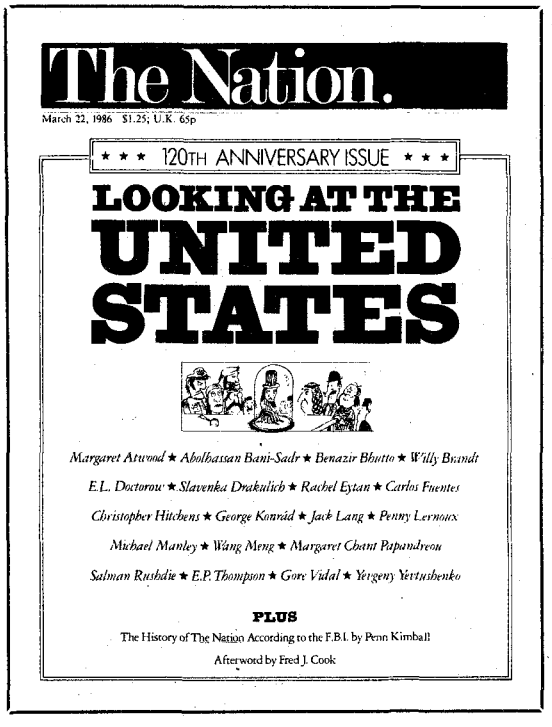
Taken together the Israeli attacks were viewed by the Arab world as constituting a claim by Israel that it can and should control the military, security and foreign policies of virtually every country in the region. Israel was in effect maintaining that where a disagreement developed between the government of Israel and the government of a sovereign state, the dispute would be fairly and equitably resolved by the Israeli Air Force. Inevitably these events impacted upon the peace process, with King Hussein and other Arab leaders con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Issue That Shouldn't Be Missed.

LOOKING AT THE UNITED STATES

The Nation's 120th Anniversary Issue


The Nation.
March 22, 1986 $1.25; U.K. 65p
★ ★ ★ 120TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE ★ ★ ★
LOOKING AT THE
UNITED
STATES
Margaret Atwood ★ Abolhassan Bani-Sadr ★ Benazir Bhutto ★ Willy Brandt
E.L. Doctorow ★ Slavenka Drakulich ★ Rachel Eytan ★ Carlos Fuentes
Christopher Hitchens ★ George Konrád ★ Jack Lang ★ Penny Lernoux
Michael Manley ★ Wang Meng ★ Margaret Chant Papandreou
Salman Rushdie ★ E.P. Thompson ★ Gore Vidal ★ Yevgeny Yevtushenko
PLUS
The History of The Nation According to the F.B.I. by Penn Kimball
Afterword by Fred J. Cook

Writers and politicians from around the world reflect on modern America in the special 120-page issue, dated March 22.

Margaret Atwood, Abolhassan Bani-Sadr, Benazir Bhutto, Willy Brandt, E.L. Doctorow, Slavenka Drakulich, Rachel Eytan, Carlos Fuentes, Christopher Hitchens, George Konrad, Jack Lang, Penny Lernoux, Michael Manley, Wang Meng, Margaret Chant Papandreou, Salman Rushdie, E.P. Thompson, Gore Vidal, and Yevgeny Yevtushenko.

Also: Penn Kimball's eye-opening analysis of the F.B.I.'s 60-year surveillance of The Nation.

$4 each. $2.50 each for 10 to 99 copies. $1.25 each, 100 or more. Prepayment required. Please make checks or money orders payable to The Nation.

120th Anniversary Issue, The Nation
72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011

Please send me____copies of the 120th.
Enclosed is my check for $_____.*

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

* New York residents add appropriate sales tax.
Foreign orders (including Canada): Add $1 per issue. Payment must be made with an international money order (no service charge) or from a U.S. dollar account (add service charge: Canada, $5; all others, $15). 8634

cluding that the peace that was being proposed would be a peace on Israel's terms alone.

The invasion of Lebanon and, to an even greater extent, the Iran-Iraq war have shown us what future wars in the region will be like: modern weapons of tremendous destructive power brought to bear on urban residential areas; apartment buildings collapsing as screaming children, their clothes aflame, leap or are thrown to the streets below. In parts of Lebanon today the landscape resembles an earthquake disaster zone. More civilians died there in 1982 than had perished in all previous Arab-Israeli wars combined. Now the Iran-Iraq war has eclipsed Beirut in terms of human suffering. And neither Iran nor Iraq has deployed weapons systems as fearsome as those that are now, or that are soon to be, in the arsenals of several of the countries mentioned above. Moreover, few Middle East military observers think that Israel's monopoly on nuclear weapons in the region will prevail for long.

Moral considerations aside, a Pax Hebraica does not serve U.S. interests in the Middle East, nor is it a sound basis for Israeli national security. In recent years U.S. Presidents have proceeded on the assumption that only overwhelming Israeli military and technological superiority could insure the country's survival in the region. But it was unreasonable to expect that once that superiority was achieved it would not be used, and used frequently, in response to ever more broadly defined threats to Israeli security. Moreover, it was naïve to expect that the United States would in any way restrain Israel's use of its military superiority against its neighbors.

David Landau, assistant editor of *The Jerusalem Post*, recently wrote an open letter to retiring U.N. Under Secretary General Brian Urquhart, who for years was the United Nations' chief Middle East trouble-shooter, and who, perhaps more than any of his predecessors in that role, had gained the trust and respect of protagonists on both sides of the conflict. Said Landau to Urquhart:

> In Jerusalem, among the professionals who have seen it all before, there is an atmosphere of spring 1973.
>
> That is why I am writing to you. You've seen it all before, in 40 years of largely thankless Middle East shuttling. You know that our regional politics do not brook a vacuum. Once diplomacy dies, the momentum towards war relentlessly increases.

There was, in the spring of 1973, no lack of weak, piecemeal peacemaking efforts while Arab confrontation states armed for the invasion of Israel's occupied territories that began the Yom Kippur war. In 1986, Israel need not worry about an invasion. The situation is more serious than that. The potential exists, or soon will exist, for a missile exchange that could reduce many Middle Eastern cities to smoking rubble in a matter of hours and, in the process, draw the United States and the Soviet Union into the conflict. The stakes are much higher now than they were in 1973, and argue strongly for truly international negotiations toward a comprehensive Middle East peace plan guaranteed by the United States and the Soviet Union—in other words, an imposed solution. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Speaking in Tongues

JIM QUINN

THE STORY OF ENGLISH. *By Robert McCrum, William Cran and Robert MacNeil. Elisabeth Sifton Books/ Viking. 384 pp. $24.95.*

If *The Story of English*, the nine-part PBS series starting this week, is anything like its tie-in book, it will be brilliant, informative and even revolutionary television. And also at times timid, conservative and uninformed.

Let's start with the good parts—because they're so good, and because hopefully television won't have time for the failures of the book. The idea for the series comes from an essay by Robert Burchfield, chief editor of the *Oxford English Dictionary*, who proposed that English, as an imperial tongue, was in the process of developing into separate languages, just as Latin developed into French and Spanish and Italian. At first, that doesn't seem like such a revolutionary idea—languages are always developing into something different than what they were.

But as a kind of myth—replacing the old conservative myth that English is breaking down every day and every way into something little better than grunts—Burchfield's thesis allowed the authors to look at dialects differently: not as regrettable variations from a perfect norm, but as interesting and equally important new norms. Of course, linguists have been looking at dialects in this way for a hundred years. But they haven't had porta-cams and travel budgets and a worldwide system of correspondents at their disposal. Most books that tell the history of the English language tell the history of England—until they get to the end of the nineteenth century, when they add a history of the United States.

The Story of English—the television series even more than the book—will almost certainly change that forever. What a gabble is here! There are sections on Australian, New Zealand, South African, Canadian and Black American English. On Gullah from the islands off South Carolina and Georgia, Krio from Sierra Leone, the dub poets of Jamaica, Bajan from Barbados and the English of the Miskito Indians of Nicaragua. "Miskito English has been isolated from the mainstream of the language for nearly two centuries," say the authors, "but although it has evolved its own linguistic system, its vocabulary is clearly English-based. . . . We can see at a glance that this . . . is not unlike the pidgins of West Africa":

> A no wahn a ting tu du wid yu bika yu kom . . . lang taym an yu no kom luk fu Titi. Hu iz dis, Pap? (I want nothing to do with you because you have not come for a long time to see Titi. Who is this?)

We are introduced to the English of India, where a story in a mass circulation newspaper reads like this:

> FISHING OWNERS FEEL INSECURE
>
> Frequent dacoits and looting of fish from bheris in the Sonarpur area has created a serious law and order problem. Tension prevails in the entire area which has 60 bheris. Dacoits armed with pipe-guns, swords and sticks strike before the villagers can retaliate. They surround the bheris and loot the fish. For the villagers, the attacks are "straight out of Hindi movies".

And we are shown extreme variants like Singlish (the English of Singapore), and warned in deadpan earnest that "the outsider might at first mistake [it] for Japlish."

Naturally all this is often presented in the book, and may always be presented on television, in the maddening Public Broadcasting fairness mode, where every idea must be accompanied by its equal and opposite inanity. But even here the authors have managed to load the dice in favor of dialects: all the defenders are writers, all the attackers bureaucrats and politicians. What sensible viewer will hesitate for a second in choosing between Constance Clayton, head of the Philadelphia public school system ("I know of no company or corporation which hires you on the basis of your ability to speak Black English"), and the dub poet Louise Bennett:

> Meck me get it straight Mass Charlie
> For me noh quite undastan,
> Yuh gwine kill all English dialect
> Or jus Jamaica one?
>
> Ef yuh kean sing "Linstead Market"
> An "Wata come a me y'eye",
> Yuh wi haffi tap sing "Auld lang syne"
> An "Comin thru de rye".
>
> Dah language we yuh proud o',
> Weh yuh honour and respeck,
> Po' Mass Charlie! Yuh noh know sey
> Dat it spring from dialect!

In fact, *The Story of English* may be the first television or radio program about language variation that doesn't do dialect jokes. There is no condescending exploitation of the humor inherent in listening to a people who do not distinguish between *all* and *oil* or *Mary* and *marry* but who insist that they do so distinguish—and then carefully pronounce both words the same. When *The Story of English* wants to illustrate a dialect that pronounces *pin* and *pen* the same, it uses Dan Rather, who confesses that he's worked hard to make this distinction and still fails when he's overworked or tired. Speakers of Black Vernacular do not make this distinction—and children in the Philadelphia school system at one time were actually classed Retarded Educable for failing to do so. Simply by reporting on Black Vernacular and Singlish in the same way, *The Story of English* demonstrates that neither is something to be ashamed of—or stamped out. In itself, that's a lot for any television series to do.

But the book, at least, has dreary blind spots. In the first place, it declares that "the rise of English is a remarkable success story" and reports that success in terms of numbers, like Dow Jones averages: Two thousand years ago, English did not exist; five hundred years later, it was "spoken by about as few people as currently speak Cherokee"; in Shakespeare's time, it had about five million to seven million speakers. Today, "English is used by at least 750 million people. . . . Some estimates have put that figure closer to one billion. . . . [It is] more widely scattered, more widely spoken and written, than any other language has ever been. It has become *the* language of the planet, the first truly global language."

Come on, guys. This is Great Power chauvinism of the glottis. And it gets worse. English is compared with French, "its great rival" as a world language, and the authors seriously seem to believe that English has won out because of some innate superiority. English has "three characteristics" that are assets for a world language: "Unlike

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all other European languages" (actually unlike all other Indo-European languages), English has no grammatical gender. English has a grammar of "great simplicity and flexibility." And English has a "teeming vocabulary, 80 per cent of which is foreign-born." The German satirist Kurt Tucholsky said much the same thing in a slightly different way: "English is both a simple and difficult language. It has no grammar, and the vocabulary consists entirely of foreign words—which are mispronounced." Tucholsky was a lot closer to the truth.

Ideas about the ease or difficulty of any language are entirely the result of cultural bias. No language is inherently harder than any other—babies learn them all, and at roughly the same age. At about 6 years of age children become, essentially, linguistic adults, whether they're speaking a highly inflected language like Lithuanian or an uninflected one like Chinese. English has no intrinsic advantage over other languages; the advantages proposed in the book are nonsense. Chinese has a much simpler and more flexible grammar than English, and has no grammatical gender. And our teeming vocabulary is a serious drawback for people who learn the language as adults. Many languages use one word for small; English has *small*, and *tiny*, *minuscule*, *minute*, *petite*, *wee*, *little*, *Lilliputian* . . . the list in a good thesaurus would run a couple of pages. English is, in fact, one of the very few languages that has a best-selling thesaurus—or needs one. German makes new words by combining old ones, a very orderly method. English borrows and invents words, then forgets what it's done and borrows and invents some more—and then remembers and keeps them all, sometimes assigning them subtly different shades of meaning. We don't notice this because we learn English as children, but to the adult outsider it's frequently mistaken for chaos.

There is only one reason that English is spoken by so many people, as *The Story of English* itself points out. English was spread around the world by British imperialism. When the empire ended after World War II, English would have been forgotten as a world language—but for American imperialism. If the United States and England spoke Bantu or Wolof instead of English, Bantu or Wolof would be "the first truly global language." And linguistic jingoists would be telling us it was because of the natural superiority of these languages' grammar.

This idea of competing languages beating each other out in a contest for the minds and tongues of the world is the real reason why *The Story of English*, so sympathetic to Black English, seems in its summing up to oppose bilingual education for Hispanics and to give aid and comfort to the worst of the enemy—the yahoos who want to declare English the American national language:

> Seriously though, wherever there is a sudden concentration of newly arrived Spanish speakers . . . some Americans fear that Bilingualism means these immigrants will *never* learn to speak American English. In part, this is a re-run of the 1970s debate about Black English. . . . But Black English is still a variety of the mother tongue and the Blacks have a secure if partly begrudged place in American society. The Hispanics are not merely new arrivals, they speak a language that has nothing to do with English. Opponents of Bilingualism speak darkly of Balkanization and Quebec's secessionist struggle. A substantial Hispanic population not speaking American English, they say, is simply a dangerous legacy for the future.

Despite the PBS fairness doctrine, there is no answer to this in the book. So I'll provide one. As *The Story of English* shows, Americans have come in contact with Spanish speakers before—in the Southwest, in the nineteenth century. And they did what speakers of English have always done with foreign languages: learned enough to get by, and rifled the vocabulary for new words like *canyon* and *arroyo*. The fact that this has stopped—that the large Puerto Rican population of the Eastern Seaboard, the Mexican-Americans in the Southwest and the Cubans in Florida have had little noticeable effect on our language—shows what the problem really is. That millions of Americans will not learn Spanish. That English is losing its flexibility and in its way hardening into Empire.

The Story of English is the best refutation ever made of the idea that English is the private property of teachers of college composition courses, television commentators who care and word haters who write letters to the editor every time someone uses *less* instead of *fewer*. English, as this series shows us so thoroughly and so affectionately, is a great sea of a language, with multitudinous variants. You're worried about less for fewer? How about *manafiki*, Krio for *deceitful*; *stepney*, Indian for *spare tire*; *jamban*, Singlish for *toilet bowl*? The simple information that varieties exist, and are to be expected, is liberating. At times, though, the authors seem determined to pretend not to think so. They even manage to almost blame that old bugaboo, "permissive linguists" for part of the problem:

> The gurus of grammar, who are journalists not academics, have been reacting partly to the fashion within the universities to explain that there is no single all-purpose standard for language any more than there is for dress. . . . Some linguists have stated *any* variety of a language is as "good" or "correct" as any other variety. In this context, it is easy to see why the Newmans and the Simons have felt impelled to mount a defence.

In fact, there have been many academic gurus—Wilson Follett, Jacques Barzun and Thomas Mitchell come instantly to mind. There is more cant and plain horseshit about the English language in most freshman composition courses than even Safire and Simon are capable of. The problem isn't journalists or academics, it's elitism. The attack on Black English is part of a strategy to convince the "lower classes" that they are disqualified by the way they speak from ever rising above their station. It

Join the Nation Associates, a group of loyal and committed *Nation* readers who provide invaluable support for the magazine through annual contributions of $20 or more. Membership includes "The Nation Associate," a newsletter that tells you what's going on behind the scenes at *The Nation*, and invitations to many *Nation*-sponsored events.

For further information write or call Nancy Bacher, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, (212) 242-8400. Make checks payable to The Nation Associates.

When drafting your will, please consider making a bequest to *The Nation*.

For information write or call: Office of the Publisher, *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011 (212) 242-8400.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is amazing that those who want to stamp out Black English can pose as condescending friends of blacks, when what they are doing is erecting one more barrier to equality.

The Story of English is radical enough to show us what the English language is really like. It seems a shame to finish up such great work on language with such timid equivocating. □

Empire of Words

ROSETTA MARANTZ COHEN

AFTER THE SPLENDID DISPLAY. *By Don Bogen. Wesleyan University Press. 58 pp. $14.50. Paper $7.95.*

WILD GRATITUDE. *By Edward Hirsch. Alfred A. Knopf. 78 pp. $14.95. Paper $7.95.*

It is with a sense of belated celebration that one turns to Don Bogen's first book, *After the Splendid Display*. As this year's selection for the Wesleyan New Poets Series, Bogen is "new" only in that he has never before published a full-length volume. His work is familiar to readers of poetry journals and has already been awarded numerous honors, including the Discovery/*The Nation* award in 1980, and the Associated Writing Programs' Anniversary Prize in 1982.

In book form, however, Bogen's work creates a different impression than it did as a series of independent pieces. Virtually all the poems contain a certain moral undertone which rests quietly but conspicuously beneath the surface detail. A number of the pieces here are overtly political, eclogues against injustice, exploitation or war. Often, even in poems whose subjects appear apolitical, the poetic voice still seems heavy with conscience. In Bogen's less successful poems, that voice can ring too shrilly, or stand awkwardly matched with the language and subject matter. But in his best work, which makes up the larger part of the book, conscience and craft fuse seamlessly, and the result is original and arresting.

Like a number of contemporary poets, Bogen seems most at ease when locating his poems in settings from the past. More than half the work in this collection is built up from details of place and era that range from eighteenth-century Vienna to fifteenth-century China. One poem is set in the trenches of World War I, another in nineteenth-century Russia, a third in Pasadena, California, near the turn of the century. The title poem—and the most ambitious one—moves clear across two centuries and three continents. "After the Splendid Display" is an interesting distillation of the techniques and preoccupations in the rest of the book. Using the game of tennis as an extended conceit, the stanzas move through a succession of voices and historical settings, developing into a polemic against racial and sexual and class discrimination. The poem opens in colonial India, where a naïvely enthusiastic young aristocrat gushes over the opulent surroundings at an afternoon tennis match:

> . . . white
> tables, boys bringing pitchers of quinine water—the heat,
> you understand—sliced limes and gin
> for the gentlemen. The countess
> wore that diamond brooch I must admit I envied.
> In the interval one of the players
> approached me. I thought
> it odd to see such a handsome young lieutenant in white
> Indian cotton. He will meet Papa.
> Oh, my dearest friend,
> I can scarcely explain to myself the secret flights of my
> heart since our arrival, its springs and turns,—it is a very tennis ball.

From here, Bogen shifts both stylistically and chronologically to the cheery decadence of 1920s America, where a class-conscious flapper cattily discriminates between two tennis players—Todd, who is "not one of us," and Ted, "a regular guy, really white." The third stanza is set in the present, at a Virginia Slims tournament; here, it is the players who are being exploited:

> The women are playing for cigarettes
> on TV.
> We have the best seats, with a three-foot eye
> sharper than the lineman's, our 8-packs,
> Cheeze-its, and instant replay . . .
> . . . A slow pan up the legs, the gemmed
> garter of sweat on each tanned thigh, then rise

Rosetta Marantz Cohen is a poet who teaches English at the Trinity School in New York City.

Spanish at the Taller

"If you think language is for people to communicate, if you think grammar should help you to understand the language and not alienate you from it, and if, above all, you think language can be fun, informal and even irreverent . . . then, you must have studied Spanish at the Taller." —Grace Paley, author

Classes start the week of Oct. 13

Intensive Classes:
Morning Classes $175
4 mornings a week/4 weeks/32 hours
Evening Classes $150
2 nights a week/4 weeks/24 hours

Once-a-Week Classes: $135
3 hours a week/8 weeks/24 hours

Saturday Classes:
Spanish $150
10am to 2pm/4 weeks/16 hours
Portuguese $125
10:30am to 1:30pm/4 weeks/12 hours

levels: beginner, intermediate

Taller Latinoamericano

(The Latin American Workshop, Inc.)
19 West 21 Street
New York, NY 10010
(212) 255-7155

MOVING?

ATTACH MAILING LABEL HERE

Don't miss a single issue of THE NATION.

New address:
Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Please allow 6-8 weeks for processing.

Mail to: THE NATION
P.O. Box 1953
Marion, Ohio 43305

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the ball and the body rising into its pose
and that perfect swing that lets everyone see
she's come a long way, baby.

In the last stanza, set at the Davis Cup playoffs between the United States and South Africa, the stakes are raised again and the consequences of the exploitation are more grave still. Here, the swing of the player is transformed into that of "the gem cutter splitting/money from a stone," and "the stroke of the winner coming/down on the ball" is "the stroke/of the whip, and pick stroke,/the black hand plucking/ diamonds from the mine."

The transformations and didactic repetitions in "After the Splendid Display" are anything but subtle. The poem rides, for its effects, on cliché and melodrama. But it is clear from the start that Bogen intends the poem, like the game itself, to be both more and less than entertainment. Ultimately, it is the deliberate abrogation of poetics in favor of politics which gives the poem its sense of reality and conviction.

The same self-conscious narrative transformations mark other Bogen poems. "The Last Installment" opens with recollections of "Nights in that drafty stained-glass parlor [where] I'd read aloud in the fringed glow while you sewed." "We might have been someone's great-grandparents," Bogen says, then becomes them in the next stanza, assuming the voice first of a nineteenth-century servant, then of his aristocratic master. Successive stanzas work their way forward to the New World. Even the dialectics of class figure here as "The Master . . . chattering in his sitting room" gradually evolves into the poet's own descendants:

. . . stumbling up
from steerage, blinking in the cold salt light
of a dim empire of words, gathered by the crossing-sweep
for the factory girl so lovely and illiterate.

There is something "built" about virtually all of Bogen's poems. Morals are constructed over stanzas, eras pile up like stories on a high-rise. In the less successful pieces, there is a kind of Postmodern aimlessness to the architecture. It is unclear at times why particular poems are set in the past, since their larger intent seems to have as much to do with the present. In such cases, the antique detail seems fussy. Fortunately, there are only a few of these weaker poems to undercut the power of Bogen's best work, which is well-made, original and clear.

Wild Gratitude is Edward Hirsch's second book, the most recent volume in the Knopf Poetry Series, which also published his first and highly praised collection, *For the Sleepwalkers*. Hirsch's writing is characterized by a simplicity and clarity that make one feel one knows him well after reading only a few poems. While many of Hirsch's poems, like Bogen's, rely on exotic places and assumed personae, here the lyrical voice comes through so vividly that even grim evocations of the Nazi siege of Leningrad or of Paul Celan and John Clare are suffused with a poignant sense of the poet's personal history.

The title of the book is ironic, for while several of these poems manage to achieve a mildly optimistic perspective, the prevailing vision of *Wild Gratitude* is anything but celebratory. Hirsch's world is a place of struggle and fear where even the most familiar things—clouds, paintings, carriage horses—are commuted through memory or association into unhappy omens:

The moon comes out to stare—glassy, one-eyed—
But then turns away from the ground, smudged.
It's October, and the nights are getting cold:
. . .Tonight the wind whispers a secret to the trees,
Something stark and unsettling, something terrible
Since the yard begins to tremble, shedding leaves.
I know that my closest friend is going to die
And I can feel the dark sky tilting on one wing,
Shuddering with rain, coming down around me.

Often the poems speak in voices either dislocated or bewildered. There is, for example, "The Village Idiot," a character from the poet's past whom he sees now "from the wet mirror" of his own bathroom. There is the fevered vision of an old woman who believes "the full moon is German"; that "the empty white face of the moon is saying it wants to arrest her." And then there is the poet himself, who, in a poem called "Commuters," speaks of his own disquieting self-detachment:

It's that vague feeling of panic
That sweeps over you
Stepping out of the # 7 train
At dusk, thinking, *This isn't me*
Crossing a platform with the other
Commuters in the worried half-light
Of evening . . .

Every so often these dark visions are answered by revelations, but these are always muted and resigned. Hirsch chooses his heroes from among the downtrodden and oppressed, and his poems generally pivot on an acceptance of the human condition—a condition that is more or less miserable depending on the subject at hand. In "Three Journeys," for instance, which celebrates the life of the poet John Clare, Hirsch comes to understand Clare's nobility only after equating his escape from High Beech Asylum with the pathetic journey of a bag lady whom Hirsch follows over the course of a day. By the end of the poem, Clare has become a kind of Christian martyr,

. . . so desperately hungry
after three days and nights without food
that he finally knelt down, as if in prayer,
and ate the soft grass of the earth,
and thought it tasted like fresh bread,
and judged no one, not even himself,
and slept peacefully again, like a child.

In the title poem of the collection, Hirsch's hero is Christopher Smart, a man whose response to the world's abuse was to transform the humblest pleasures of life into the wildest joys. By contemplating Smart's great affection for his cat Joeffry, Hirsch comes to realize that

It is Joeffry—and every creature like him—
Who can teach us how to praise—purring
In their own language,
Wreathing themselves in the living fire.

And in a long poem about war-torn Russia, in which all kinds of physical suffering are catalogued, there is again the determination, if not to praise, at least to survive: "Slowly we touched a sharp razor to our necks/And scraped away the useless blue skin/And the dead flesh. Somehow we lived." These resolutions are small consolations in a world so persistently bleak, yet they manage to convince. *Wild Gratitude* is not a depressing book. In fact, it leaves the reader feeling optimistic, as if the power of the language had redeemed the vision. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Vienna 1900

Postmodernist art is so dense a tissue of references to past art—of quotations, appropriations, emulations, borrowings, transfers and iterations—that the term "eclectic" can no longer have a use in the working vocabulary of the art critic. Not long ago an artistic reputation would wither under the accusation of eclecticism, but the damning use of the term only came into existence with the romantic exaltation of original genius: if we move further back in the history of art, we find the Bolognese painters of the Roman Baroque proud to have their work recognized as eclectic. For the Carracci, eclecticism meant taking the best from various traditions, somewhat in the manner of a legendary sculptor of ancient times who carved a woman of transcendent beauty by copying the brow of one model, the mouth of a second, the breasts of a third, and so on. Leonardo himself recommended as a standard artistic method what in time would come to be stigmatized as eclecticism; the term is one whose shifts in force reflect transformations in the conception of the artistic task. There is perhaps not a single term of critical dispraise that could not have been used, in a different time, to express unqualified commendation. Sir Joshua Reynolds not only enjoined eclecticism upon his students—he regarded artificiality as a mark of the highest genre of painting.

The term "decorative" condenses, today, a whole class of reasons for putting down the work to which it is applied. A young friend possessed of perfect pitch for the dialects of the art world repeated this comment about the exhibition Vienna 1900 (at the Museum of Modern Art until October 26), which she had not yet seen: "Schiele is the really serious artist, and Klimt is just decorative, right?" But it is altogether possible that Klimt would have confessed decorativity as the Bolognese did eclecticism, and thought it an achievement rather than a demerit. In 1891 Bonnard declared, "Painting must be above all decorative," insisting that this was precisely the lesson he learned from Gauguin. Decoration was a common determinant of artistic effort in the 1890s, and one of Bonnard's associates, Verkade, memorialized the spirit of the age thus:

> No more easel pictures! . . . Painting must not usurp a liberty that isolates it from the other arts. The painter's work begins at that point where the architect considers his finished. Walls, walls to decorate! Down with perspective! The wall must remain a surface, must not be spoiled by a representation of distant horizons. There are no pictures: there is only decoration.

So the art historian Aby Warburg was out of phase with the art of his time when he asked, rhetorically, in 1890: "Why do we speak of the decline of art when it becomes decorative?" Gauguin's, Bonnard's and, I dare say, Klimt's answer would have been: "We don't." Throughout his life, Bonnard eschewed the easel, painting instead on canvases attached to the wall. Klimt's work, at least in the period of his greatness, implies a wall, a relationship to architecture and to design, to costume, furniture, objets d'art, and it fulfills the imperative that painting should not be isolated from the other arts. So it is genuinely illuminating to exhibit his work, as Vienna 1900 does, in the context of architecture and craft, of couture, ornament and design, with which it was in constant inspirational interchange. And comprehending his work as a celebration of decoration helps us in turn to see these surrounding objects, usually regarded as secondary to painting and sculpture, in a fresh and elevating light. But it also helps identify a tension between Klimt and the remaining painters in the show—Schiele, Kokoschka, Gerstl, Schönberg—for there is no sense in which their art can be seen as decorative. So between Klimt's work and theirs, some new definition of the painter's enterprise must have penetrated the artistic consciousness in Vienna, which in turn perhaps explains the overall decline of Klimt when he tried to comply by becoming an easel painter. And it is this new definition that goes some distance in explaining why Schiele seems one of us, while Klimt appears so locked in his era that it takes a wrench of historical imagination to see him as he should be seen.

The Kiss of 1907-08 falls within Klimt's so-called "golden phase," and I would head straight for it. A couple, locked in an intense embrace, kneel at the edge of a thickly flowered expanse.

LE ROUGE ET LE NOIR!

Nation T-shirts are now available in either le nouveau red or le basic black. Both T-shirts are 100 percent cotton with white lettering. "The Nation" is printed on the front and "Since 1865" on the back.

Cost **$8.95*** each, postpaid.

Special discount for les bulk orders of 3 or more, $7.95 each.

Delivery in two weeks.

Please send me ____ red T-shirts in the following sizes __S, __M, __L, __XL.

Please send me ____ black T-shirts in the following sizes __S, __M, __L, __XL.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Send orders to: The Nation, Box RN, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

*New York residents add appropriate sales tax. Foreign orders add 33 percent. Checks/money orders payable to The Nation.

RN8634

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sometimes the Buddha is shown walking on flowers, and this is not the only oriental motif in the painting, or for that matter in the Viennese attitude and feeling of the time. Prince Metternich once wittily observed that "The Orient begins at the Landstrasse," and indeed the gold leaf background of *The Kiss* carries the feeling of a Japanese screen—a mobile wall—conveying a metaphysical sense of an infinite and precious void. The flowered expanse ends abruptly, as at the edge of an abyss, and the woman's feet are poised at the boundary of emptiness, promissory of an annihilating ecstasy. A lighter, more brilliant gold forms a kind of mandala not just surrounding but penetrating the empassioned couple, as though they had become coincident with the aura that is emblematic of their union. The woman is sheathed in a golden dress embellished with jeweled forms that echo the flowered expanse, leaving it ambiguous as to whether they are themselves flowers, or whether the expanse is itself an elaborate jewel. Both figures wear flowers in their hair, and the man's robe, also golden, is animated by irregular ascending rectangles in black, and by golden scrolls. I was reminded of a marvelous description by the French critic Eugène Fromentin of a painting by Jan Van Eyck:

> When a Van Eyck picture is beautiful . . . it looks like a piece of jewelry of enameled gold, or one of those many-colored materials having a woof of gold. Gold is suggested everywhere, above and beneath. When it does not play on the surface, it appears under the tissue. It is the bond, the basis, the visible or latent primitive element of this pigment rich above all others.

In Van Eyck, according to Fromentin, "the hand is employed only in making manifest the luxury and beauty of materials by the luxury and beauty of the work," and in this, Fromentin goes on to suggest, the Flemish master shows how close painting then was to its sources "in the art of the goldsmith, the engraver, and the enameler." Painting was a craft among crafts, as it is once more in Klimt, which then gives rise to the possibility that the objects we see in the surrounding cases, so opulent and masterful—the coffee services and flatware, the inkwells and cruets, the armchair by Kolomon Moser of rare woods and mother-of-pearl, the bowls, decanters and egg cups, and the spectacular vitrine by Carl Otto Czechka in silver, semiprecious stones, enamel and ivory—were perceived as things transfigured onto some higher and more spiritual plane. The transfiguration of commonplace domestic objects into beings so rarefied that jewelry of the richest sort can only give us a metaphor for their essence is perhaps, beyond decorativity, the ultimate meaning of Klimt's art. It must have given artistic substance to the collective attitudes and longings of the aesthetes who patronized Klimt and his fellow craftsmen, almost as if their works were like holy icons, golden presences from another world.

The flesh of beautiful women is often exalted with metaphors from the realm of jewels and flowers—ruby lips, teeth like pearls, eyes that sparkle like diamonds, rosy cheeks—so it is striking that the flesh of Klimt's women contrasts almost morbidly with the surrounding stuffs and stones and metals. It is bloodless and nearly necrotic. Very little of the lovers' skin is shown in *The Kiss*—the woman's face, her shoulder and elbow, her calves and feet, the man's neck—and what we do see is gray-blue and lifeless, touched, as by some mortuary cosmetician, with rouge. This curious dead flesh is common in Klimt's work of this period: his women are almost totally one with the jeweled splendor of their garments, but their flesh is so consistently unhealthy that one wonders if some chemical change may not have afflicted the paint. The other and, for me, more plausible approach to the anomaly is through an interpretive hypothesis: ornament is the state to which his figures aspire, and they are undergoing some kind of sea change that is to turn them, at last, into something beyond life and longing and decay. If this is true, then Klimt's world, the world he objectifies in his art, was exactly congruent with the sentiment expressed by Yeats:

> Once out of nature I shall never take
> My bodily form from any natural thing,
> But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
> Of hammered gold and gold enamelling.

The enjewelment of the flesh, the escape into the status of gold and emeralds, casts the eroticism of these works in a special light. It is not the robust, randy kind of eroticism one finds in Renoir, where the flesh sings, nor the prurient eroticism of the pornography it sometimes resembles. It is, instead, the eroticism of the mystic, a technique for slipping out of the flesh, where intense pleasure—or pain—is a means rather than a goal. Vienna's was, beyond question, a hedonistic society but, at least for those men and women for whom Klimt was a great artist, it was not so much an abandonment to the flesh that was sought, but an artistic abandonment of the flesh to art through sex. And my sense is that trying to make one's figures as congruent with the surface of the work as possible is connected with this. Consider the way Klimt rearranges the woman's anatomy in *The Kiss*. It is almost Egyptian, in that the profile of the body and the full face seem to occupy the same plane, as though the woman had no thickness. How greatly this differs from the rearrangements of anatomical parts one finds in Picasso's treatment of women, which puts everything sexually relevant on the same side for the lovers' fullest enjoyment. Picasso and Klimt occupy opposing poles in the circle of sexual possibility, chiefly because in Klimt flesh is something to be overcome.

Some of the uncanny flatness of Klimt's figures is also found in those of Egon Schiele, but with a marked difference: if Klimt's men and women have the opaque thinness of gold leaf—of "hammered gold and gold enamelling"—Schiele's men and women instead have the translucent thinness of membranes, as if the life had been pressed out of them, as with flower petals or insect wings or, to cite a horrible example, a dried human skin I once saw pictures of in an article about monastic practices in Tibet. It seems required that Schiele would use watercolor to achieve this translucency, or oil paint thinned down to a kind of glaze; when he uses oils opaquely, as in rendering hills and houses, his work instantly loses its power and immediacy and, if you like, its terror. His figures, in his characteristic works, are all angles and points, as if, once pressed flat, they were arranged on a sheet in some semblance of lifelikeness. They really are, as has been observed, like marionettes, and if that gives some basis for seeing his project as finally like Klimt's—a way of turning persons into things—then the two artists have more in common, are more similarly Viennese, than meets the eye. What is striking is that Schiele's reduced men and women are often arranged in erotic poses of the least ambiguous kind, as if they were illustrations for sex manuals, and it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

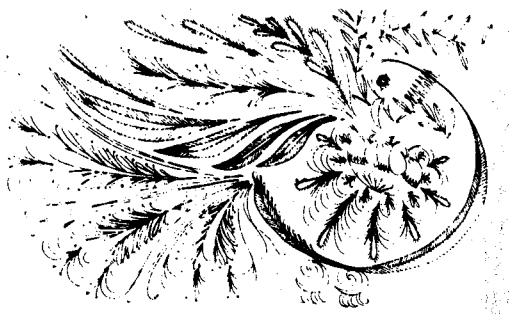
is pretty clear that sex must have meant something different for him than for Klimt. For Schiele there were no implied choruses and violins in the background, no clouds of incense, no metaphysical lacework, no high-flown death and transfiguration to make the couples believe they were engaged in something of the highest spiritual sort. For him, sex was something done on soiled sheets in hard beds: it was draining and addictive, and his dried, emaciated men and women look as though they had fucked themselves, literally, to death. Picasso's gaunt figures from the Blue Period look starved but emotionally healthy; Vienna steamed with the miasmas of neurosis. Schiele is all nerve and feeling, one of the great draughtsmen, and the combination of pathology and genius fits the tragedy of his early death, at 28, in 1918. He did not have a full life, but at the same time it is impossible to imagine what a full life would have been for him.

It is difficult to situate the third of the great painters of Vienna 1900 in this general pattern, though Oskar Kokoschka did fulfill the imperative of transforming persons into objects by having a doll fashioned in the image of his tempestuous mistress, Alma Mahler, which he carried about with him for a time. But I see this more as a matter of excess of love than of a transfigurative attitude toward sex. There is a powerful anecdote in some dialogues with Chikimatsu, the great Japanese master of the puppet drama, of a lady so consumed with love for a distant gentleman that in her desperation she had a wooden effigy of him fashioned "that did not differ in any particle from the man." I imagine this must have been Kokoschka's impulse as well. The stirring portrait (not shown here) of him and Alma, swept up in a whirlwind of love, really does make *The Kiss* look abstract, willed, passionless and, well, decorative. But Kokoschka's work is confessional and autographic, and belongs more to a form of Mittel-Europa expressionism than to Vienna in particular, at least as it is defined by the furniture, the textiles and the objects of stunning design and execution that fit so well with the paintings of Klimt. The galleries hold some wonderful portraits of Viennese personalities by Kokoschka, including a marvelous self-portrait and the famous double portrait of the art historian Hans Tietze and his wife, Erika—but they look somehow out of place amidst the elegance and artifice established by the Klimts and by the furniture and jewels. And this, I suppose, raises the question of the theme of such an exhibition as this. Kokoschka was certainly in Vienna, was part of its life, and his stature certainly mandates his inclusion in a show of artworks from Vienna in this era. Perhaps it would have been possible to surround him with objects that illuminate his work as the products of the Vienna Werkstatte do Klimt's. As it stands, he is only externally related to the dominant tone the show establishes. In some way he belongs more with the intellectuals—whose presence was so much a part of the Paris show of the art of Vienna at Beaubourg two years ago, which covered a longer span of time—than with the refined financiers and their wives and mistresses for whose patronage the craftsmen, the architects, the dressmakers and bijoutiers, the ebenistes and decorators and Gustav Klimt himself labored. A more coherent exhibition would have left him out.

On the other hand, the dissonances that are set up between Kokoschka and the remainder of what we are shown testifies to the extraordinary coherence the latter achieves. Perhaps it is a

"There are very few of us in America who are able to see the faces of Soviet children . . . of Soviet workers, or old people, or students . . . (Let us) see the faces of one another. . ."
DANIEL BERRIGAN

Come, let us see the faces of one another



40 pages of people-to-people travel to the Soviet Union & Eastern Europe!

This free brochure offers 88 people-to-people tours to the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe — our specialty for over 20 years.

The tours are sponsored by peace organizations, churches, friendship societies, ethnic and fraternal clubs, youth organizations, trade unionists, athletes, artists, and many professional groups. The largest single bloc of tours are oriented to peace and dialogue with the Soviets. Many tour membes are peace activists, but there are also ordinary citizens with an abiding concern for the future of the human race.

A number of tours in the brochure will depart in the next few months. Many sponsoring groups are already looking ahead to 1987, with interesting variations on their 1986 tours. Our peace-and-dialogue adventures are not only exciting travel experiences — they can be terrific fund-raisers. Think about that for *your* group!

Write or phone us toll-free for your free copy of the brochure. It's bristling with ideas for seeing "the faces of one another"

— and it can be the most meaningful holiday of your life!

Anniversary Tours • 250 W. 57th St. • New York, N.Y. 10107
In New York (212 245-7501 • Out-of-State toll-free (800) 223-1336

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coherence attained at the expense of reducing Vienna to a plane of taste and attitude that merely intersects the historical reality, giving us a distorted unanimity when the reality was perhaps more pluralistic and diffuse, and giving us the illusion of perceiving the *Zeitgeist* when we have instead only one of its facets. Perhaps something truer to the reality would, in the end, be less illuminating of Vienna's outstanding artist. It is appropriate that Klimt should himself be treated as a jewel, and given this kind of setting. Kirk Varnedoe is the author of the exhibition, as of the extremely intelligent catalogue that accompanies it, and it is greatly to his credit that he has sought beyond art to its determinants in society. The objects form a community of mutual illuminations and raise, in the aggregate, questions it is certainly beyond an exhibition's capabilities to answer. But just as an aggregate of luminous things, Vienna 1900 is a very exciting show, and one feels it is bound to have some impact on current taste and fashion.

One consequence of the fact that our own *Zeitgeist* is represented by an art that is thoroughly eclectic is that appropriation excludes influence. Some deeper shock than even very fine exhibitions can administer is needed for that sort of change. Art that draws its substance only from art has cut itself off from avenues of patronage that give point and meaning to it. In that respect the exhibition makes a point dramatically relevant to our age. □

FILMS.

SUSAN LARDNER

Margaret Mead Festival

Between the idea and the reality, between the motion and the act, falls the shadow of the documentary filmmaker, as the poet might have said, and reality is the watchword at the Margaret Mead Film Festival, the five-day run of documentary films held at the American Museum of Natural History from September 14 to 18: "Real people in real situations." That definition of documentary, offered by one of the organizers, is flexible, of course, and could be applied to Reagan and his interlocutors at a press conference as well as to Balinese mothers fomenting jealous rage in their children, as filmed in the 1930s by Margaret Mead and Gregory Bateson. The festival originated ten years ago as a celebration of Mead's association with the museum, and has since become a popular annual event. This year the selection committee considered the merits of 450 films in order to choose the final sixty-three, which included, for historical and sentimental reasons, a couple of Bateson/Mead oldies, *Trance and Dance in Bali* and *Childhood Rivalry in Bali and New Guinea*, filmed between 1936 and 1938.

As befits a festival that bills itself as "the nation's preeminent showcase of anthropological films," the real people on display this year include Australian aborigines, Ecuadorean Indians, Eskimo fishermen, African tribespeople, Latin American villagers and assorted inhabitants of New Guinea and Bali, who are featured in five post-Mead/Bateson studies of local mores. In addition to these traditional subjects, there are Buddhists, Hindus and Catholics (no Muslims), Reform and Orthodox Jews, painters, singers, dancers and fiddlers, high-school students, a cigarette-smoking Chinese doctor and the leading character of a film called *Private Practices: The Story of a Sexual Surrogate*.

Most of the situations in the films are real in a different sense from the nonfictitiousness of the characters. There is not much evidence of the *cinéma vérité* which flourished twenty years ago, understood as the product of prowling handheld cameras and lurking mikes stalking the unplanned for its own sake. The Mead festival films, like most of those shown on public television these days, are based on a more equal, less ambiguous relationship between subject and filmmaker. Many are in the form of interviews, with the questioner offscreen and a voluble interogee at the center. "How long have you been with your wife?" a voice asks the old man onscreen in *Yorky Billy*, a twenty-minute film by Kim McKenzie sponsored by the Australian Institute of Aboriginal Sciences. And the man, the son of a Yorkshire father and an aborigine mother, tells how long, and talks, in answer to other questions, about shooting buffalo, looking for gold, dingo-scalping and so on. Because his answers are not always easily decipherable on the spur of the moment, helpful, lightly edited subtitles are provided. Sounds of pigs and chickens and the ticking of a clock are used to break the monotony of the Q&A, and the camera digresses occasionally from the image of the old man to views of his house and yard. In *Something of the Times*, a longer piece by the same filmmaker, maps, music and old photographs are used to enhance the reminiscences of professional buffalo hunters and the reconstruction, for the historical record, of a 1930s "shooters' camp" in what is now a national park. Films like these are made to satisfy a special curiosity, existing or prospective; technically, the main aim is clarity, and there is no special effort made to excite or persuade. The filmmaker invests in them his or her own curiosity, the ability to ask useful questions and to put the subjects at ease.

To judge from the dozen films I was able to see before the public showings and from the program notes, one of the criteria in the selection was a certain propriety in the filmmaker's approach to his or her material. If it is true that documentaries mainly appeal to a curiosity about other people, other places and other ways of life, these particular films appeal to a higher rather than a lower curiosity, even, presumably, *Private Practices: The Story of a Sexual Surrogate*, which I haven't seen but which is described in a press release as "sensitively photographed." Undoubtedly one of the most uplifting selections is a film called *Hellfire: A Journey from Hiroshima*, by John Junkerman and John Dower, about Iri and Toshi Maruki, who paint huge portable murals depicting the horrors of war. The film is roughly an hour long and successfully covers forty years of art and political action, from the couple's refusal to support the Japanese war effort, as a result of which art supplies were denied them, to a recent press showing of their mural of hell. The antiwar message, unarguable, is less interesting than the sequences showing how the mural was created, with accompanying comments on the difficulties of artistic collaboration between a wife who is a realistic oil painter and a husband who works with India ink and glue.

Whether the curiosity is pitched high or low, a more eccentric character makes a more interesting film. *To Taste A Hundred Herbs*, the third installment in a trilogy about the village of Long Bow in north central China, vibrates with the energy of its "star"—the only word for him. Shen Fasheng, a professed Catholic, a philosophical altruist and a smoker, is a hereditary practitioner of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

herbal medicine, acupuncture (his own automated version) and common sense, who wraps his pharmaceutical herbs and insects in his father's old prescriptions and treats illnesses ranging from bad teeth to insomnia and delusions. The gregarious healer is more entertaining than Drs. Kildare and Zhivago combined. *To Taste A Hundred Herbs* was made by Carma Hinton and Richard Gordon.

Spark Among the Ashes, directed by Oren Rudavsky, is billed in the program as "Jewish community in Poland reaffirms life by having a Bar Mitzvah imported from the United States." It seems that at the request of a Cracow woman, the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies arranged last year for a Connecticut boy to re-enact his bar mitzvah in a synagogue there, for a Jewish community that had not had the occasion to celebrate one for twenty years. On one level, the film is as heartwarming as the synopsis leads one to expect. The apparent simplicity of the story line was unexpectedly complicated, however, by the intervention of an Orthodox rabbi from Borough Park, who objected to various aspects of the planned ceremony, especially the participation of the Connecticut family's rabbi, a woman. The result of this plot development, which Rudavsky seems not quite to have digested, is a richer, if more disjointed, film. Emotive music and an Eli Wallach narration emphasize the intended plot, which includes fascinating interviews with six of the few hundred Jews who now live in Cracow (compared with 60,000 before the war); the battle of the rabbis, which ended with a disorderly compromise, adds flavor. It is helpful to read *The New York Times*'s September 8, 1985, account of the pilgrimage to get a better idea than the film provides of the religious dispute, which, strangely, does not seem to have interested the Polish Jews very much. Neither *The Times* nor Rudavsky explains why a non-Orthodox family was chosen for the symbolic ritual; the boy himself, Eric Strom, is an appealing and imperturbable protagonist. Incorporated into the film for some reason—perhaps to show the public significance of the event—are a couple of encounters between Eric and an American TV news crew. The reporter's questions—e.g., "Why are you doing this?"—are a reminder of the clumsiness and predictability of television news formulas, which make even an imperfect documentary so satisfying to see.

The tribulations of native rock musicians in the Soviet Union do not amount to a major plight, nor are they treated as such by the French crew (Agnès Guérin and Yves Billon) who produced *Rock Around the Kremlin*. The film is composed of interviews and performance fragments, mingling images of bands, fans and a cultural official or two, with a voice-over narration in English. The biggest news for the general public may be that there are official and unofficial rock groups back in the U.S.S.R., meaning groups permitted or not permitted to make records, and that struggling Soviet rockers are essentially indistinguishable in their attitudes and in the sounds they emit from struggling free world rockers. Geographically related entries on the schedule (which I haven't seen) include a 1983 film about marathon dancing in Poland, one about rock groups in Hungary, made in 1970, and *The Pyramid*, a direct import from the Soviet Union, about a circus strongman.

One of the liveliest characters in one of the smoothest films in the festival is an American musician (mandolin and fiddle) named Howard Armstrong, the star of *Louie Bluie*, which was first shown at the New York Film Festival last year. Armstrong is an ideal subject—a wonderful talker and a handsome, natty, sprightly man of 75. The film opens with his explanation of the nickname "Louie Bluie," which originated in a confusion with Louis Armstrong. There is a close-up of Howard Armstrong's face, half in shadow, a shot of a record turning, a duet, with Armstrong on the mandolin and Ted Bogan playing the guitar. Music alternates with reminiscence, indoor with outdoor sequences. Bogan, who also sings, is as reserved as Armstrong is voluble; he serves, not altogether happily, as a straight man in some of the non-musical passages. In a motel room, on a stroll through the streets of Chicago, on a nostalgic visit to La Follette, Tennessee, Armstrong talks about his life and displays a picture diary he has kept. He describes his start as a performer with an anecdote that makes his ex-sister-in-law double up giggling, and his start as an artist, when, for lack of paints, he used pokeberry juice, bluing, walnut stain and cattail brushes. Later, in Chicago, he takes from a locked case that he carries an album of pornographic drawings and writings of his to show them to another musician, Banjo

HOW TO JEOPARDIZE A PERFECTLY GOOD FRIENDSHIP.

Give someone you care about a gift subscription to *The Nation*.

In all likelihood, the recipient will get just as enraged, worked up, and aggravated about the issues the magazine covers as our regular subscribers do.

That's because *The Nation* covers those issues with a critical spirit and independent perspective that set us apart from other publications. Which isn't surprising, since it's written by such original thinkers as Stephen F. Cohen, Alexander Cockburn and Penny Lernoux.

And politics isn't all we cover. Our subscribers also enjoy our writing on the arts, which is of such extraordinary clarity and intelligence that it alone is worth the price of a subscription.

So maybe you should give *The Nation* as a gift after all.

Just be sure your relationship can stand it.

The Nation.
Subscribing to our principles isn't enough.

THE NATION
BOX 1953, MARION, OH 43305

YES! I THINK MY RELATIONSHIP CAN TAKE IT. Please send 24 issues of *The Nation* to the following people at the special gift rate of just $15 for the first gift and $12 for each additional gift. And send a card announcing the subscription(s).

GIFT TO _____ (Please Print)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
GIFT FROM (Your Name) _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Enclosed is $_____ for ___ subscription(s). (Extend each subscription FOUR FREE ISSUES.)
☐ Bill me later.

Add: Canada and Mexico: $3.50/24 issues, $7/one year; Other Foreign: $6.50/24 issues, $13/one year. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

D8634

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVENTS.

An exhibit of paintings
by
DAVID ACKER
OCTOBER 6 TO NOVEMBER 6
The College of William & Mary
Andrews Hall Gallery
Williamsburg, Virginia
8 AM to 5 PM daily

THIRD ANNUAL AMES LITERARY BENEFIT
to initiate the new Women's Health Care Campaign in El Salvador
FEATURING WOMEN WRITERS OF THE LOWER EAST SIDE
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 3 PM
St. Mark's Church
2nd Avenue & 10th Street, New York City
Suggested donation $5.
Sponsored by the Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church and the Women's Association of El Salvador. For more information call (212) 673-8204.

AN EVENING WITH DORA MARIA MINISTER OF HEALTH FOR NICARAGUA
Dialogue with Minister Dora Maria Tellez, music, dance performance and songs.
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 8 PM
Godoff Auditorium,
310 W. 43rd Street, near 8th Avenue
New York City
Free admission!
Sponsored by the Nicaragua Medical-Material Aid Campaign (NICMAC), the National Central American Health Rights Network (NCAHRN), and Local 1199 Drug, Hospital, and Health Care Employees Union RWDSU/AFL-CIO.

The Nation Institute and WBAI/Pacifica Radio present a forum on
THE SUPREME COURT
Hear legal experts and social commentators discuss the issues and their implications.
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 7:15 PM
New York University Law School
Tishman Auditorium
Washington Square South at MacDougal Street
New York City
Broadcast live: in New York by WBAI 99.5 FM and nationwide by Pacifica Radio, KPFA (Berkeley), KPFK (Los Angeles), KPFT (Houston), WPFW (Washington).

A SYMPOSIUM ON LIVING IN "PRE-WAR AMERICA"
Questions of Complicity vs. Responsibility
Speakers: Kurt Vonnegut Jr., William Kunstler, Emile de Antonio (film director), Linda Ellerbee (TV journalist), Rudolf Baranik (artist), Claudia Koonz (historian), Charles Schwartz (physicist, UC Berkeley), Ed Hasbrouck (anarchist and draft resister), Vietnam veterans, and others.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 11 AM TO 4 PM
Eisner Auditorium, Loeb Student Union, NYU
Washington Square South at LaGuardia Place
New York City
For more information call (212) 713-5536 and watch for ad in next week's Nation.

Ike Robinson, and to the camera. The film was made by Terry Zwigoff.

Les Blank, who is known for his documentaries about Werner Herzog, had a half-hour work on the schedule called *Sprout Wings and Fly*, which is also about a fiddler: Tommy Jarrell of Mount Airy, North Carolina. Again, as in the other films I saw, the content—sunny day music-making, dancing and some talk—determines the shape and style of the picture. The camera is one of the revelers.

Reality can be as strange and shapely as fiction, and the provisional definition of documentary films as "Real people in real situations" doesn't preclude the possibility of a novelistic documentary like Les Blank's *Burden of Dreams*, or of a documentary that resembles a short story. *Spark Among the Ashes* could be described as a rough draft for a story; *Home From the Hills*, by Molly Dineen, comes close to a polished piece of fiction. The central character is a former British Army officer, Col. Hilary Hook, who for twenty years has earned a comfortable postcolonial living in Kenya, running photographic safaris. Suddenly, as he tells it, he was obliged by his Kenyan landlord to vacate the house he had lived in during that time, and so he decides to retire to England, although he has been abroad for most of his life: "India, the Sudan, Arabia, China, the army."

Most of the information about Hook is presented in a monologue, delivered as the camera observes him dismantling his Kenya house, and then in his efforts to adapt to a conventional life without servants in England—unpacking leopard and tiger skins from his hunting days, falsely cheery at the local bank ("I've thrown Africa away for good"), buying thermal underwear. He describes the neighborhood around his Warminster flat as "a concrete jungle" and complains while making his bed that "there's a lot of walking involved." He loses his temper watching TV ("Ghastly bugger") and falls apart, in a self-conscious way, over a failure with an electric can opener. He joins a group of fellow military men wearing bowler hats, medals and gloves in an annual parade in Hyde Park; one of the men collapses and is carried away on a stretcher. Like Howard Armstrong and the Chinese doctor, Hook is a natural performer, with cantankerous old soldier as his chosen role—for the purposes of this film, at least, which he refers to at one point as "a ridiculous project." Minor characters include the household staff members in Africa, a son, a brother and the filmmaker, who helps out with the can opener, and whom Hook addresses directly from time to time.

There were no docudramas in the tenth-anniversary Mead festival, no musical superstars on tour or in concert, no Holocaust epics, no monumental reticent social studies à la Fred Wiseman; no parodies, like *Spinal Tap* or Albert Brooks's *Real People*; no exposés, no white papers; nothing about how some raw material is processed or how to cook. Being curators with certain aims and values, the festival organizers stress anthropology and public edification, but from an enthusiast's point of view the festival is simply a rare opportunity to see a number of films on a variety of subjects, most of which are otherwise not easy to track down. □

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 266*)

regimes. I nonetheless believe it is wrong and dangerous to predicate a human rights policy on ideological distinctions. To do so robs the policy of its moral authority, which comes only from faithful adherence to universal standards that are applied evenhandedly to governments of every political persuasion.

I believe, moreover, that a policy that takes seriously those standards (found in the U.N. instruments for which Muravchik finds so little use) can address the abuses inherent in many Communist regimes. Those instruments guarantee fundamental political rights, such as the right to democratic government, insured by periodic elections that respect universal suffrage. But these standards can have force for the Soviet Union and Poland only if they are applied with equal vigor to Chile and South Africa. A human rights policy that is perceived to be at the service of ideological warfare—let alone one that purports to be just that—does no service to the cause of human rights, in the East or the West. *Diane F. Orentlicher*

AUTHOR'S QUERY

Daughter of Walter W. Liggett (1886–1935), editor of weekly *Midwest American*, would appreciate hearing from associates, friends or others who have letters, papers, photographs, anecdotes, historical information or reminiscences relating to him or to his wife, Edith F. Liggett (1901–1972). Contact Marda Woodbury, 3050 College Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94705. (415) 654-4810.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to refuse any advertisement that we believe to be fraudulent, illegal or offensive, The Nation *wishes its readers to know: a) we do not have the facilities to check out the promises made by our advertisers; and b) we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

ART

DISSENT

A monumental sculpture now under construction by nationally exhibited sculptor R. Farrington Sharp, needs contributions/sponsors for completion. Photos and progress information sent to all contributors. Send to R.F. Sharp, Box 8418, Ann Arbor, MI 48107.

ART

Buying and selling
Social Realist paintings,
drawings and watercolors
from the New Deal Era

Janet Marqusee Fine Arts Ltd.
By Appointment
New York City, in the mid-60's, off Madison Avenue.
212-744-4070
Mail
P.O. Box 851, Lenox Hill Station, New York, NY 10021

CLOTHING

MAYAN CLOTHES & CRAFTS. 100% natural fiber, vibrant colors, free catalogue: One World Trading Co., Dept. B., Box 90, Summertown, TN 38483, (615) 964-2334.

COMPUTERS

LONG-TIME NATION EMPLOYEE, now computer consultant, is selling IBM-compatible computers and providing computer training and support to Nation readers in the New York City area. Special rates for nonprofit organizations and those on low incomes. Call Mark at Present Day Products (718) 934-2861

COUNSELING

WOMAN PSYCHOTHERAPIST, 19 years experience, Ph.D. in clinical psychology. Insight-oriented and analytic. Crisis intervention; short-term; long-term intensive psychoanalytic approach. Free consultation. Sliding scale. Carnegie Hall vicinity, New York City. (212) 582-5508.

CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST, Ph.D., state-licensed, insurance reimbursable, humanistic, short- or long-term. Reasonable fees, flexible approach to fit individual needs, adults, adolescents. (212) 473-6475.

EDUCATION

INDIVIDUALIZED FRENCH language training. Specialized translation and interpretation services. New York City. Arlette Lurie. (212) 924-9552.

EDUCATION

STUDY SPANISH IN NICARAGUA

Four hours of classes daily, meetings with political leaders, family living and community work. Monthly entry dates.

Casa Nicaraguense de Espanol. 853 Broadway, Room 1105, New York, NY 10003. (212) 777-1197. Spaces still available for 8/25 & 9/22 classes.

SALVETE MAGISTRI ET MAGISTRAE linguae latinae! The American Classical League and the National Junior Classical League announce the 1987 National Latin Exam. For application/information write ACL/NJCL NLE, Box 95 NA, Mt. Vernon, VA 22121.

"NICA": ESTELI, NICARAGUA

Learn Spanish in revolutionary Nicaragua! NICA offers year-round programs of family living, language classes, community work and seminars with Nicaraguan leaders. Apply now for 1986 sessions. Call or write: NICA, Box 1409-XX, Cambridge, MA 02238. (617) 497-7142

LEARN SPANISH IN COSTA RICA

Small classes of 2 to 3 students. Country setting near San Jose. Residence with a Costa Rican family. Immersion course at reasonable rates. Professional instructors.

Call or write for information and references: Centro Linguistico Latinoamericano, Apartado 151, Alajuela, Costa Rica (Phone 41-0261)

SAT SELF-STUDY COURSE

Help your high school student earn top scores on Scholastic Aptitude Test. 2 tutoring audio cassettes plus 380-p. book, $30.00 postpaid. Money-back guarantee.

AUDIO-FORUM® Dept. 270, Guilford, CT 06437

FILMS & VIDEOS

FOREIGN, CLASSIC, INDEPENDENT American films on video. Catalogues $1. Facets, 1517 W. Fullerton, Chicago, IL 60614.

FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS

WORLDWIDE ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS/MAGAZINES. Sampler: 4/$2.98. Free Brochure. Multinewspapers, Box DE-N8, Dana Point, CA 92629.

FOR THE COLLECTOR

HENRY WALLACE: original 1948 campaign flyer, "Wallace or Police State," etc. 8½ by 11, great for framing. Rare! $25 postpaid. Fred Dicker, Box 7313, The Capitol, Albany, NY 12224.

GAMES & PUZZLES

THE NATION'S BEST CROSSWORD PUZZLES: brainteasers by Frank W. Lewis, collected in Book 4. Send $4.50 ppd. to E.S. Lewis, 1620 Acushnet Avenue, New Bedford, MA 02746.

INSURANCE

RWP/SHAFFER ASSOCIATES
INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL SERVICES
Specialists in Pension & Employee Benefit Planning
11 GRACE AVENUE, Great Neck, NY 11021
718-895-7005, 516-466-4642

MERCHANDISE

GENITALIA POSTER depicts male organs of 12 animals, from man to whale. Scientific but funny. $10: Poster C, Box 1348, New York, NY 10025.

ABOLISH APARTHEID bumper stickers, $1. Free catalogue. Socialist Party Favors, Box 8211-N, Des Moines, IA 50306.

PERSONALS

PERSONALS ADVERTISERS
A Nation box number and weekly forwarding service is available for a one-time $5 charge added to the cost of your classified ad.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS for all cultured singles, 3,000 members. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039 or call (215) 358-5049.

CONCERNED SINGLES NEWSLETTER links compatible, peace-oriented singles, all areas. Free sample: Box 7737-A, Berkeley, CA 94707

INTELLIGENT WAY to connect with kindred spirits. California, Pacific Northwest. Write Box 350-N, Valley of the Moon, Sonoma, CA 95476.

ATTRACTIVE MANHATTAN woman 5'7", slim, prof., Jewish, lively, loves music, seeks single, educated, healthy man with cultural interests, sense of humor, 49 to 60. Nation Box 132.

OREGON WOMAN, attractive, bright, early 50s, smoker, loves causes, books, travel. Seeks similar male companion. Nation Box 133.

INTELLIGENT, HIGHLY EMPATHETIC single male. Idealistic but practical. College student, very introspective. Hopes, through science, to help the world's neediest. Interested in thinking, music, reading, good health. Agnostic, altruistic, logical, caring. Seeks same in female. Nation Box 134.

SOUTH AMERICAN SOCIALIST socialite—NYC, divorced mom of one, slim and lively. Works in development aid and longs for attractive man, 30s, of exquisite upbringing and education, progressive ideas, cheerful personality and well-paid job. For a lifetime partnership, joy and maybe more children. Please write. Box 1861 Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159.

LEBANESE-AMERICAN DEMOISELLE, francophone. Artistic, intellectual, international interests. Invites entrepreneurs, 35 to 50, for partnership, joie de vivre. Nation Box 121.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

PERSONALS

ECLECTIC L.A. MAN wants woman, 35 to 50, for dates, hikes and stuff. Open to committed relationship. Westside. Nation Box 123.

WOMAN IN HER SIXTIES would enjoy having a man add counterpoint and harmony to her solo September Song. Nation Box 125.

YOUNG 60 female interesting activist wishes to meet male counterpart (I reside in Manhattan). Nation Box 135.

HANDSOME, SENSITIVE single father, 32, seeks female to share interests which include film theory, rock music, Third World politics and romance. Must have social conscience. Los Angeles area. Nation Box 136.

ATTRACTIVE NYC woman, mid-50s; sense of humor, pizzaz, aware, political, professional; seeks similar attributes in male; 50 to 65. Nation Box 137.

SIXTIES PEACE ACTIVIST, yoga, seeks attractive counterpart for collaboration on dramatic film script to neutralize Rambo. (201) 367-4107. Nation Box 129.

WIDOW, INTELLECTUAL, professional, feminine, secular humanist, longtime Nation subscriber; seeking unattached, caring man in fifties, sixties, who also enjoys long walks and talks, Brooklyn. Nation Box 138.

ST. LOUIS DWF, 38, PH.D., academic, pretty, seeks suitable man also seeking joyful committed relationship. Nation Box 131.

ATTRACTIVE, ENERGETIC, PERIPATETIC, literate mature woman seeks man she can like as well as she likes herself, or almost. Nation Box 127.

A ROMANTIC IN A CYNICAL AGE. Educated, attractive NYC DWJM, 40, with no dependents, professional (but not obsessively careerist), seeks creative, sensitive woman 25 to 35 (these boundaries are flexible) for serious relationship based on affection, integrity, shared values and mutual respect. Interests: choral singing, concerts, history, films, books, baseball, good conversation and city life. Let's talk and see what develops. Nation Box 139.

PERSONALS

PRETTY FEMALE professor turned medical student (mid-30s, 5'7") with a gentle spirit and integrity seeks her counterpart in a nurturing, self-confident, successful, well-educated, unencumbered gentleman (30 to 42, at least 6' tall). Interests: theater, travel, dining, racquetball, skiing, hearths and intimate talks. Purpose: lasting relationship. No smoking/drugs/alcohol/overweight. NYC. Nation Box 140.

A RECENT PERSONAL advertiser wrote in, "I had my first date today with a respondant and he was wonderful. Keep those letters coming!"

To place a personal ad complete the classified order form. Discount for Personal ads postmarked by September 30: pay for your ad to run in 2 issues and we will run it a third time free.

If responding to a Nation box number send replies to: Nation Box _____, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

PHOTOGRAPHY

EDITORIAL, RESEARCH, documentary, legal—for your book, article, project. 25 years experience. Member ASMP. Roger B. Smith (716) 442-4388.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

ORGANIZER: New Jersey-based industrial union seeks experienced organizer for innovative rank-and-file-based organizing project. Salary $22,500, excellent benefits. Send resume and references to: Local 8-149 OCAW, 90 Lewis Street, Rahway, NJ 07065.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, Fellowship Of Reconciliation, a 72-year-old religious pacifist organization. Responsible for general leadership, business and personnel management, and program activities in Nyack, New York. Past experience with board/membership organization and multiple staff necessary. Salary negotiable, fringe benefits. Minorities and women encouraged to apply. Deadline: December 1. Send resume to: Scott Kennedy, FOR, Personnel Committee, Box 2324, Santa Cruz, CA 95063.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

DEVELOPMENT DIRECTOR at The Progressive magazine. Experienced in planning and budgeting for fundraising, direct mail, grant writing, major donor solicitation, and newsletter production. Computer experience desirable. Good benefits, salary negotiable depending on experience. Part-time considered. Send cover letter, resume and references to: Ruth Greenspan, Publisher, The Progressive, 409 East Main Street, Madison, WI 53703.

NORTH AMERICA ORGANIZER, international publication. Dynamic, convincing, progressive, able to work successfully alone across the U.S. Knowledgeable Mideast conflict. Word-processing, languages helpful. Interviews: October, New York and San Francisco. Send resume (ASAP) to: International Jewish Peace Union, Box 20854, Tompkins Square Station, New York, NY 10009; or call (212) 533-1429.

Engineers, Technicians, Businesspeople, Computer Professionals, Mechanics, etc.,
NICARAGUA NEEDS YOU!
Volunteers are urgently needed for 2-week training and consulting positions in various governmental and non-governmental agencies. Trips leave every month. Please contact:
tecNICA, Dept. N, 2727 College Avenue
Berkeley, CA 94705 415-848-0292

GOVERNMENT JOBS $16,040-$59,230 per year. Now hiring. Call (805) 687-6000 ext. R-3596 for current federal list.

PRESENTATION SERVICES

LOW-COST SLIDES *will increase the effectiveness of your* presentation. High quality computer-graphic slides, personal service. ComputerSlides (718) 858-6786.

PUBLICATIONS

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for $2 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

DOLLARS & SENSE, the progressive economics magazine for noneconomists. Current issue includes update on the service economy; Reagan and Thatcher: Bad for Business? One-year subscription $18. Sample $2. One Summer Street, Somerville, MA 02143.

ANARCHOSYNDICALIST JOURNAL —#1: New Tech, Crisis in Unionism, Four Hour Day. #2: Spanish Revolution, Protectionism, more. $2.50 each, $4 both. Libertarian Labor Review, Box 2824 Station A, Champaign, IL 61820.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES FROM $1. (U repair). Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Call (805) 687-6000, ext H-3596 for current repo list.

TWO-FLOOR HOUSE on 20 acres in rural northern New York. Passive solar design. 20 miles from St. Lawrence River. $45,000. (315) 379-9506.

RELIGION

JESUS FICTIONAL—NEVER EXISTED! Scholarly booklet proves Flavius Josephus created Jesus, Gospels. $4. Vector, Box 6215-A, Bellevue, WA 98008.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates: $1 per word, 15-word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Classified Display: $45 per column inch.

Deadline: Wednesday, 17 days prior to Saturday issue date.

Discounts: Pay for 3 runs, get 1 more free. Pay for 7 runs, 3 more free. Pay for 15 runs, 10 more free.

To: THE NATION
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for ____ weeks, plus ____ weeks free.

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

Payment must accompany order. **Payment in U.S. currency.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SERVICES

RESUME AND COVER LETTER writing/editing service for recent college graduates. Nonprofit and business resumes. (212) 677-3083.

SERVICES WANTED

WANTED: FEMINIST accountant to prepare individual tax return, preferably in Ithaca, New York. Call (716) 373-1891 evenings.

TRAVEL

NICARAGUA. People-to-people, one-week trip delegations from Los Angeles and San Francisco areas, or join us in Mexico City. Next departure October 17. Blase Bonpane leading. Information: Alice McGrath, Office of the Americas, 1227 4th Street, Santa Monica, CA 90401. (213) 451-2428.

UNUSUAL CRUISES: freighters, expeditions, minicruises, yachts, group discount trips. TravLtips, Box 188U7, Flushing, NY 11358.

JOIN EXCITING RUSSIAN Winter Carnival-Concert Tour. January 3-12, 1987. Department of Modern Languages, Slippery Rock University, Slippery Rock, PA 16057. (412) 794-7311.

T-SHIRTS

THE BILL OF RIGHTS T-SHIRT

First Ten Amendments to the Constitution screened on a Quality T-Shirt
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE
CORONA GRAPHICS
DEPT. 10
395 RIVER ROAD
BOX 1084
E. LIVERPOOL, OHIO 43920

SPECIAL
2 For $13.95 PPD!
$9.95 Each PPD.
Red/White/Lt. Blue/Yellow
S/M/L/XL
Visa & MC

WRITERS' SERVICE

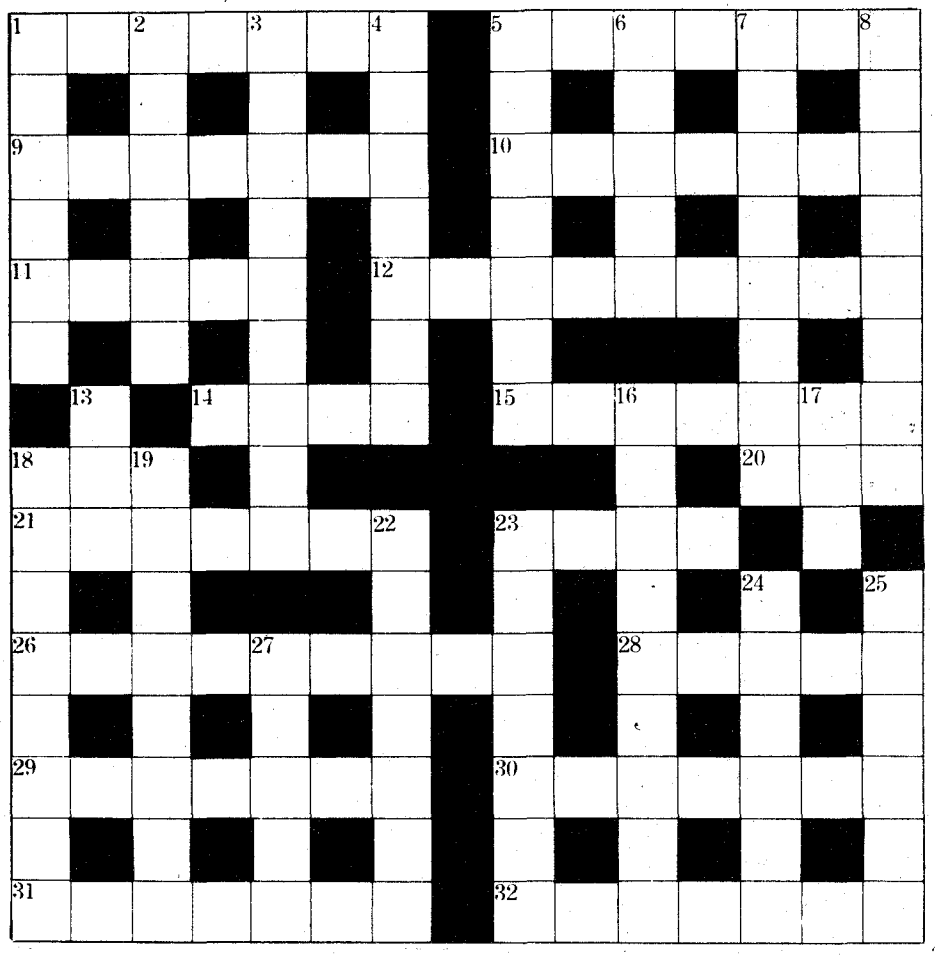
ATTENTION SERIOUS WRITERS & POETS. Send a long SASE for a free copy of our newsletter "The National Writer." It contains poetry, articles, writing contest information and more. B.A.A.W.A., Box 24614, Chicago, IL 60624.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2117

C	O	M	E	T	O	■	T	H	E	P	O	I	N	T
L	■	I	■	E	■	U	■	A	■	E	■	R	■	A
E	R	R	A	N	D	S	■	B	E	D	R	O	C	K
A	■	A	■	E	■	E	■	I	■	A	■	N	■	E
R	I	G	H	T	■	D	O	T	■	L	E	A	S	T
T	■	E	■	■	■	C	■	■	■	■	■	G	■	O
H	O	S	E	A	■	A	V	E	R	A	G	E	S	■
E	■	■	■	N	■	R	■	V	■	N	■	■	■	T
■	B	A	D	T	A	S	T	E	■	Y	O	U	T	H
G	■	S	■	■	■	■	■	N	■	■	■	N	■	E
R	A	P	I	D	■	O	A	K	■	S	M	I	T	H
O	■	I	■	O	■	N	■	E	■	O	■	C	■	I
U	P	R	I	G	H	T	■	E	M	B	R	O	I	L
N	■	E	■	M	■	H	■	L	■	E	■	R	■	L
D	I	S	E	A	S	E	S	■	G	R	A	N	T	S

Crossword Puzzle No. 2118

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

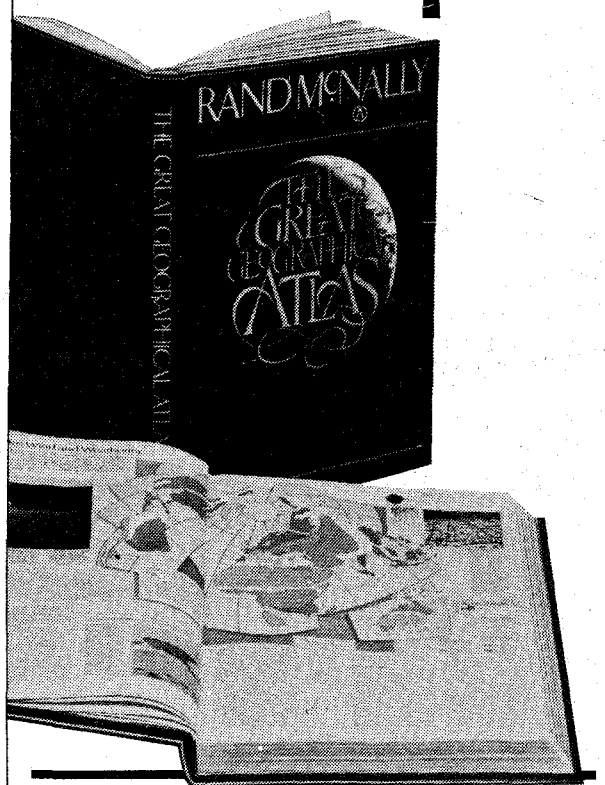
1 and 5 One doesn't really say one's sorry with it. (7,7)
9 The French wedding participant has what one might want in a car. (7)
10 Does such a cable seem to offer a temptation to one such as Capone? (7)
11 In Germany, does it show how they might 2 down? (5)
12 The private purgatory of the movie queen? (The military types might make light of it.) (9)
14 A regretful miss is to alter her make-up? (4)
15 Sending a postcard in China, when about to be sick? (7)
18, and 3 and 19 down How to make 22, as one might figure? (3,3,3,3,8)
20 and 23 down Perhaps all go with 11 to see the city. (3,7)
21 Finding a mouse without a tail around, or inclined to love this? (7)
23 18 across on this, and you'll be pretentious. (4)
26 Making about a thousand burning bodies? (9)
28 Crushed inward for heat or cooking? (5)
29 In accordance with certain standards of the church and the laic sort? (7)
30 Charles lies in disguise among the trees. (7)
31 Shot down a jet, perhaps, having gone rapidly around the light part. (7)
32 Asparagus might be picked up with a fork, obviously. (7)

DOWN

1 In a crude way, more healthy, like Dickens's Sam? (6)
2 To take in jokingly, it sounds. (6)
3 See 18 across
4 Seems in trouble, one who might get even more like her! (7)
5 Give acknowledgment to a couple of hundred, when the mail finally gets sorted. (7)
6 This shop also contains gems. (5)
7 Proving it's nothing to be with something well-connected, possibly. (Many cooks wouldn't be without it.) (5,3)
8 They used to be burnt each season, but golly, use has changed! (4,4)
13 Hold your vulgar face up—it's all sticky!
16 Did Napoleon say "Hold your troops this way?" "Never, sire!" might be the wrong answer! (2,7)
17 At present, was successful as a climber. (3)
18 What helps the digestion? A puree of pears can! (8)
19 See 18 across
22 Sick at heart, but ran around showing what the loudmouth did to the beans. (7)
23 See 20 across
24 Take trouble to steal up around the making of it. (6)
25 Books of poetry have to be, being familiar from experience. (6)
27 Mehitabel's friend must have been somewhat curvaceous—or somewhat coy! (5)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Own the World's Most Accurate and Advanced ATLAS published to date!



The Great Geographical Atlas boasts features you won't find in conventional atlases:

- Up-to-the-minute facts about our ever-changing environment.
- Captures the latest explosion of knowledge about the present state of earth.
- The nations of the world shown in both physical and political settings.
- Special large scale maps of the US and Canada.
- Vivid double page maps of the oceans, transportation and time zones.
- Geographic, national and population tables are a storehouse of the most up-to-date information.
- 96-page graphic encyclopedia on the formation of our planet.
- Engineered with the latest cartographical technology.
- 75,000 place-name index.
- A comprehensive introduction to the art and science of mapmaking.

A thorough, up-to-date atlas has a place in every educated home. Especially now, when little-known countries and remote areas are exploding into the news with greater force than ever. (Just consider the cataclysmic changes in the Middle East during the past few years.) Can you afford to be without an atlas that is abreast of these earth-shaking events—the altered boundaries, toppled governements, new cities, geographical changes—that daily shape our world?

The Most Up-To-Date Atlas You Can Buy

But now, Rand McNally, the world's foremost mapmaker, has created an atlas that *is* abreast of the changing world. *The Great Geographical Atlas* is simply the most accurate and up-to-date atlas you can buy today. Here are all the most recent political and physical changes compiled in a sophisticated, authoritative reference book. It will open your eyes—and your children's—to the most important changes of our volatile planet. Doesn't this unprecedented source of current knowledge deserve a place in your family library?

Newly Charted Maps Mean Unrivaled Authority

More than just a much-needed guide to understanding the global context of critical events, the *Great Geographical Atlas* is a resevoir of knowledge about every aspect of our planet. Nearly 100 newly drafted and exquisitely designed maps of the entire world (including some never-before-charted areas) present a panoramic picture that is a model of cartographic elegance and authority.

An Encyclopedia Within An Atlas

Our Planet Earth, the opening section of the *Great Geographical Atlas, is a 96-page graphic encyclopedia of the extraordinary phenomena* that have shaped our planet—a fast-paced introduction to the history of Earth. Packed with startling artwork and eye-grabbing photos, it details everything from the Big Bang to Mount St. Helens in a manner engaging enough for children and thorough enough for adults.

At Only $29.95, This Is An Unbeatable Value

An atlas of such remarkable quality and sophistication that sells for only $29.95 is a rare find, especially when it bears a prestigious name like Rand McNally. And, as with anything you buy from us by mail, our *30 day money-back guarantee* means that if you decide to return the atlas within 30 days, we will refund your money *in full*.

Published at $75.00
NOW ONLY $29.95

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

DEPT Z105
126 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011

1233469. Please send me _____ Great Geographical Atlas (s) at **$29.95** each plus $2.50 shipping and insurance per book. **N.Y., N.J., PA., MASS., res. add sales tax** Sold with a 30-Day moneyback guarantee.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE
Credit Card Customers call
Toll Free-24 hours
7 days a week

1-800-228-3535
IN NEBRASKA 1-800-642-9606

Name _____

Address _____ Apt _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

CHARGE IT! Check one

AMERICAN EXPRESS Card · VISA · MasterCard · DISCOVER

ACCOUNT # _____ EXP DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

AVAILABLE BY MAIL ONLY!

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED